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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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JOHN KNITTEL

Greek Tragedy in a Swiss Setting

VIA MALA. By John Knittel, New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

AN unusual setting, unhackneyed characters, and a basic theme of tested and familiar power,—these are the elements that make this long novel appealing and remarkable, moving and memorable. The setting is Switzerland, more particularly the canton of the Grisons, with its high valleys and wild mountain folk, its substantial towns and smug burghers. The principal characters, peasant, bourgeois, and aristocrat, firmly and convincingly grounded in their native soil, emerge as fully realized human beings in the course of the narrative. And the basic theme is murder, with its practical and psychological aftermath written in terms of haunting guilt, ever-threatened discovery, and anticipated punishment.

Murder in its most shocking form. Parricide. That was the crime that was done in Yeff, in the valley of the Yzolla, near the road that is known as the Via Mala. But if ever murderers were justified, they were the killers of Jonas Lauretz. Sawmiller by trade, drunkard by habit, and beast by nature, Jonas Lauretz was the scandal of the community, and no member of his unfortunate family was safe within reach of his hands. It was he who lamed his son Niclaus for life, with an ax blow; it was he who broke his daughter Sylvelie's arm with a pump handle; it was against him that another daughter, Hanna, had to defend her virginity; and he it was whose brutality reduced his wife to a broken caricature of womanhood. Jonas Lauretz, too, had compassed the death of his twin children, by exposing them in infancy to the icy blasts of an upland winter night. Such a creature deserved nothing but destruction; so long as he lived, the lives of those closest to him was a hell. But the best the law could do was to send him to prison for a few months. So the Lauretz family took the law into their own hands. Only Sylvelie was innocent, but once "the Old One" had been murdered her mind was poisoned by the knowledge of her family's guilt, and it was Sylvelie who was destined to suffer most for the crime in which she had no hand. For Sylvelie, escaping from the Lauretz circle by virtue of the benevolence of the old painter Meister Lauters, and by reason of her marriage to the aristocratic Andreas von Richeneau, could not escape

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Economics, Old Style

BY JOHN COWLES

BECAUSE it has been repeated so often, and because belief in its verity has apparently been the keystone of much of the Roosevelt administration's recovery effort, many supposedly informed people have come to accept as a basic cause of the depression the alleged fact that the United States had overbuilt its productive capacity during the booming 20's, that we could produce too much of almost everything, and that industrial inventions and increased use of labor saving machinery had inevitably resulted in steadily increasing technological unemployment.

Accepting that premise as a fact, it was natural that the solution should appear to be a much shorter working week for labor, with a diversion into consumers' goods of a substantial portion of that share of the national income that had previously been saved and put into capital goods.

Fortunately some months ago the economists connected with the Brookings Institution at Washington determined to find out what the facts were, as distinguished from the theories. The Brookings staff, whose professional ability and independence no one questions, made probably the most exhaustive survey of the field that had ever been attempted, covering the thirty years from 1900 through 1929. They have published their initial findings in two volumes*, "America's Capacity to Produce" and "America's Capacity to Consume," with two more volumes to come.

These books should prove a turning point in our national thinking. They present facts that demolish the theory that has been so widely held.

Had the United States during the roaring 1920's increased its capacity for manufacturing goods of all kinds beyond the needs of the people? Had we steadily increased the unused portion of our plant capacity? The Brookings Institution's answer is flatly "No."

To quote from "America's Capacity to Produce":

> Did the margin of unutilized plant capacity in the several branches of industry expand during the period from 1900 to 1930?
>
> To this question the answer from the fields of agriculture, mining (except for dislocations caused by the war), manufacturing, and electric power utilities is: No. In spite of particular instances of bad judgment or rapidly changing conditions of technology or of demand, it seems that there was no general tendency to pile up capital equipment in continually growing excess above what could be commercially employed. In two other large branches of business, namely, construction and merchandizing, the physical plant plays a relatively less important part, and it was impossible to secure equally satisfactory measurement of capacity and its utilization. There seems, however, to be no reason to believe that full information on these industries would bring us to a conclusion departing at all widely from that reached in the other industries which we have just mentioned.

The Brookings investigators further developed the fact that if all of our capacity to produce had been utilized to its absolute maximum along all lines in 1929, the total productivity of the country would have increased but nineteen per cent. The entire number of unemployed and partly employed, moreover, plus those whose time was not fully occupied even though they had full time jobs, would have been needed to make this nineteen per cent increase in production.

Thus the argument of those who try to scare us with the bugaboo of "technological unemployment" is flatly refuted.

It should be obvious to any intelligent person, although apparently it is not, that the only way we can raise our national standard of living is to produce more goods. We do not raise the national standard of living, whether the nation be operating on capitalistic, socialistic, communistic, or fascist lines, in any other way. Reducing the hours of work reduces the per capita production of goods and so reduces, not increases, the standard of living.

During the thirty year period from 1900 to 1929 our dollar national income increased nearly fivefold, but after adjustments for change in the price level as well as for population growth the Brookings economists calculate that the per capita increase amounted to only thirty-eight per cent. A gradual shrinking of the hours of labor had of course also taken place in these three decades.

We had an average annual per capita gain in productivity of wealth over the thirty year period of only 1.3%. Incidentally the proportion of the total population sixteen years of age and older reported as gainfully employed did not change materially in the thirty years, being less than one per cent greater in 1930 than in 1900.

The view is widely held that too large a share of our national income has been going to the wealthy; that the rich are getting richer and the poor poorer. Many believe that the well-to-do saved too much of their income, reinvested it in capital goods, and thus brought on the depression by overbuilding our productive plants. They argue that if the well-to-do had received a smaller share and the poor a larger share of the national income there would have been a larger consumption of consumers' goods. It is self-evident that if the poor had had a larger share of the national income more consumers' goods would have been consumed by the poor. But at the same time if the well-to-do had received less, they would have had less to invest in capital goods, that is, in the new plants and machinery and labor saving devices which increase the per capita productivity and thus enable us to produce the additional goods which raise our national standard of living.

Many economists believe that had there been what they phrase "a more adequate distribution of purchasing power" or "a more equitable distribution of the fruits of our common endeavor" our economic system would have functioned much better than it did and the depression would have been less severe than it has been.

If we assume that by giving a larger slice of the national income to the poor, where it would be spent for consumers' goods, we will automatically be setting in motion the train of forces that will result in a larger *total* national income,

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* *AMERICA'S CAPACITY TO PRODUCE. By Edwin G. Nourse and Associates. Washington. The Brookings Institution.* 1934: $3.50
AMERICA'S CAPACITY TO CONSUME. By Maurice Leven, Harold G. Moulton, and Clark Warburton. The same. $3.

THORNTON WILDER

A Baptist Don Quixote

HEAVEN'S MY DESTINATION. By Thornton Wilder. New York: Harper & Bros. 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

IT is owing to the poverty of our critical vocabulary, or to the terrible stretching the word has undergone in recent times, that we call such a book as this one, or indeed Thornton Wilder's two preceding fictions, novels. This delightful book is not a novel, not even a picaresque novel; neither was "The Woman of Andros," nor "The Bridge of San Luis Rey." They are all works (and the "Bridge," and now this one, minor masterpieces) which the eighteenth century, subtler than we are in designating the purposes of literature, would have recognized as moral apologues, skilfully disguised as story telling, and indeed enriched by incidental and contributory stories which are admirable story telling. And Thornton Wilder has always seemed to me an excellent example of a kind of man of letters much commoner in the eighteenth century than now—a minor not a major figure, narrow in scope, miniature in his methods, yet with the consecration to perfection, the conscientiousness, and the absolute excellence of, let us say, a Collins, or an Addison. Perhaps this is why the Marxist gentry rail at him, since so much talent exercised without reference to the redistribution of wealth or to the class war seems to them a minor blasphemy.

"Heaven's My Destination" is no

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This Week

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THE TRANSIENTS
By MARK VAN DOREN
Reviewed by William Rose Benét
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GUAYAQUIL
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

Next Week or Later

WILLIAM GRAHAM SUMNER
By JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

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Economics, Old Style

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then this view is sound. Without this assumption it is completely fallacious.

There can be no doubt, in any event, that the whole technocratic theory of excessive plant capacity has been contradicted by the exposure of facts set forth in the two volumes.

Certainly "America's Capacity to Consume" indicates that a large proportion of the public in 1929 did not have sufficient income for an adequate diet or for decent shelter or sufficient clothes. Unquestionably if the whole public had had enough purchasing power to provide a liberal diet and comfortable, sanitary living quarters, America's plant capacity of almost every kind would have had to have been greatly enlarged to satisfy the additional demand for goods.

At the same time, however, we should not overlook this fact: if the national income existing in the period from 1900 to 1929 had been drastically redistributed and the poorer groups had spent their additional income for consumers' goods, then we would not have had the savings from the income of the well-to-do classes which were invested in capital goods which resulted in increasing the total national output of wealth, which meant increasing the national standard of living.

Nor should we overlook the fact that the apparent trend toward higher federal income taxes and more and heavier state income taxes is going to tend to have the same result.

Elementary as it seems, there is so much loose thinking that it is apparently necessary constantly to repeat that we can raise our standard of living only by saving part of our national income and investing it in new plants and equipment to raise our output so we will have more goods to divide. Putting an increasingly larger proportion of our national income into consumers' goods will tend to mean

[illegible] From 1900 to 1929 a gradual shift from the investor class to the laborer class in their relative proportions of the national income was already taking place.

To quote from "America's Capacity to Consume":

> In 1900 the amount distributed to employees in the form of wages, salaries, and pensions constituted something more than 53 per cent of the product. During the years 1909-15 the share of employees ranged from about 54.4 to 57.4 per cent. Owing to the expansion of business activity and the lag in the adjustment of wages to prices during the early war period, the relative share received by employees decreased considerably during 1916-17, declining to about fifty per cent in the latter year. After the war the share going to employees increased sharply, and in the decade of the twenties ranged well above sixty per cent. Except for 1921, when the rise to nearly sixty-nine per cent was due primarily to a sharp contraction in profits, the largest percentage, 65.1, was reached in 1929.

Now if we add in the income going to very small individual entrepreneurs, and take the Brookings calculations as to that portion that represents individual labor effort on the part of these very small individual enterprisers, after deducting that portion that represents interest or return on their investments, we find that

> It appears that roughly eighty per cent of the national income in 1929 went to reward current effort and approximately twenty per cent to owners of property.

The Brookings study thus proves that a steadily increasing share of our national income was going to wage and salary workers and small entrepreneurs, obviously to be largely used for consumers' goods and not saved and put into investments in capital goods.

That the well being of the average citizen improved steadily from 1900 to 1929 can be illustrated in a thousand ways: by the increased ownership and use of automobiles or telephones or bathtubs. Perhaps nothing illustrates the increased standards of living better than the simple statistics that in 1900 there were 200,000 students in United States high schools, and in 1930 more than 4,000,000. In 1900 there were 180,000 United States college students. In 1930 there were a million.

Inasmuch as during the thirty year period from 1900 to 1929, after adjustments for changes in population and changes in the price level, we only gained thirty-eight per cent in real per capita national income, or an average of less than 1.3% a year, and if, as has been shown, the trend was clearly toward an increased share of that income for the worker, who would spend it for consumers' goods, and a lesser share for the investor, who might save a portion for reinvestment in capital goods, and since the margin of unutilized plant capacity was not growing, the idea that the depression came about because we were putting an increasing amount into unneeded capital goods should be buried once and for all with appropriate nation-wide funeral orations.

The Brookings investigators conclude, moreover, that "there is no evidence to show that corporate savings constituted any larger percentage of the national income in 1929 than they did twenty years earlier. While the data are not entirely conclusive, the available evidence points rather in the opposite direction."

Speaking broadly, the Brookings studies indicate that the whole gamut of theories which led to much of the N. R. A., and which are so violently advocated by the new school economists, are based on premises that the facts prove false.

The Brookings books indicate specifically that if we had a thirty-hour working week, with complete utilization of our labor force and productive establishment, and then if we assume a universal increase in efficiency in agriculture, mining, manufacturing, transportation, marketing, and other branches of industry of as much as twenty-five per cent, we would still have a productive output considerably smaller than in 1929.

These Brookings books should be read [illegible] ing is more pitilessly exposed than the fallacious reasoning behind the production limitation ideas of N. R. A. Everyone concedes that certain relatively minor phases of N. R. A., such as the elimination of child labor, are all to the good. But the N. R. A. in numerous codes, approved by the President, specifically forbids the installation of new machinery or the construction of more modern plants. The N. R. A. to that extent specifically prevents us from raising our national standard of living.

All our past depressions under the capitalistic system have ended when the accumulated demand for goods exceeded the accumulated supply, and the cost of producing new goods was low enough to be profitable. Then private individuals, acting on their own initiative with the expectation of private profit, resumed production and hired employees. Obviously anything the government does to discourage such private initiative or to raise costs so that new goods cannot be produced at a profit for the entrepreneur delays recovery.

The N. R. A. experiment proved two things. First, the power of organized government propaganda to sweep an hysterical public into fervid acceptance of an economic panacea that the slightest objective analysis would reveal would do more harm than good. And, second, that artificial control over the minute conduct of individualistic business enterprises of every size, nature, and description in a land as large as this is inevitably doomed to failure.

No living man or group of men has the mental capacity to comprehend a really balanced plan for such a complicated and diverse economic society as the United States, let alone administer it in all its details.

Conceivably, complete socialization or communization of all business in the country might eventually work after a fashion. But to impose a planned economy on a private profit system composed of hundreds of thousands of individualistic businesses is something else again.

The N. R. A. got into its full stride in September, 1933. Could a more fitting inscription be carved on its tombstone than the actual results of its first year of operation?

"September, 1934, industrial employment less in numbers than September, 1933.

"September, 1934, industrial payrolls less than September, 1933.

"N. R. A.—R. I. P."

Instead of trying to patch up panaceas that have already failed, and instead of [illegible] increase [illegible] ducing, transporting, and [illegible] more goods.

President Roosevelt has repeatedly said he is for reasonable private profits and the permanent maintenance of the profit system. Accepting him at his word, the question is, what can we do that is economically sound (*i. e.*, that will work and work permanently) to increase employment?

First of all, the administration should make every effort to increase activity and employment in our heavy goods industries. It should encourage, not retard as N. R. A. does, the construction of new plants and machinery. Possibly the government should make grants of a substantial proportion of the cost, or very-low-interest rate loans, to companies that will build new plants or order new machinery. Or the government might give corporations and individuals a tax abatement, present or future, of a percentage of the amount they would spend in construction or new equipment.

It may prove advisable to modify the Glass-Steagall and Securities acts to facilitate business financing, so corporations can more easily obtain the capital for new plants and equipment.

These laws were apparently written in a spirit of punishment to the transgressor and with the laudable motive of protection to the investor, but without sufficient consideration of the real purpose of financing, namely, to provide a flow of funds from the investor to the corporation wanting to borrow his money. Already it is evident that the Securities act does not genuinely safeguard the investor. Issues sold to the public under the seal of government sponsorship through the stamp of approval of the securities commission have already gone sour within a few months of their issuance. The Securities act and Glass-Steagall law have made it more difficult for big corporations to get the amounts of money they need. Unless the commercial banks of deposit can participate in security underwriting it is doubtful whether the investment houses have sufficient resources to provide the capital requirements the big corporations need.

Of course we must take care of the needy unemployed, and do it liberally. But how much better it would be if American corporations spent ten billion dollars for improved plants than for the government to spend it in doles or work relief. Then, even though we ultimately ended up in complete socialism, our national productive capacity would be much improved and we would have had permanent benefit from the billions spent!

Second in importance, for unless the heavy industries are revived there can [illegible] of the restrictions on the exportation of American money is one of the most significant and beneficial things President Roosevelt has done in months. If it means *de facto* stabilization, it means the temporary, and should mean the permanent, end of the nonsense in regard to a flexible dollar. It indicates that the President realizes that capital cannot be scared into productive enterprises by the threat of inflation and future debasement of the currency.

Third, we should do all we can to stimulate international trade through reduction in tariffs and trade barriers. If we are realistic we must admit that the world trend is still strongly toward self-contained, nationalistic economies. Nevertheless, the effort for freer international trade should be pressed to the limit.

The cutting of the gold content of our dollar down to fifty-nine cents was equivalent to a huge increase in our tariffs insofar as its effect on foreigners attempting to sell goods to the United States was concerned. We should realize that it is perfectly illogical to argue for lower tariffs and simultaneously advocate the reduction in gold content of our money. The latter action made it more difficult for foreigners to sell us goods than all our tariff schedules combined, for it reduced the pay the foreigners would get from all their imports into the United States, including everything on the tariff free list.

"Section 7A," the cause of so much of our recent labor trouble, desperately needs clarification. Probably we should enact a law similar to Great Britain's, that gives labor unions specific responsibilities and obligations along with specific rights and powers.

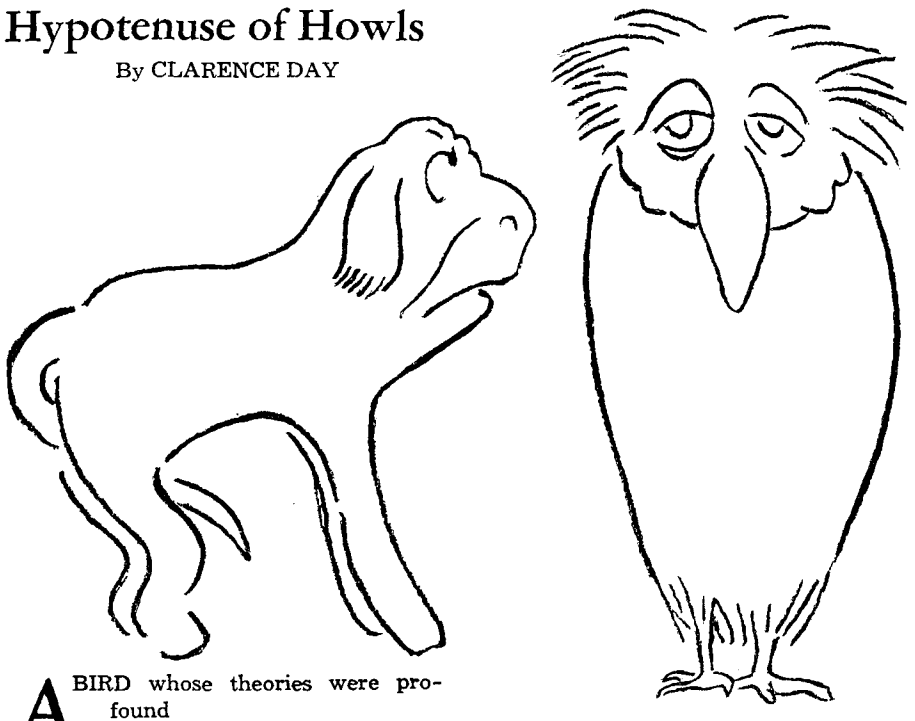
Probably tax exemption should be eliminated on future issues of government securities.

The war debts might well be canceled in exchange for international agreements to reduce tariffs, stabilize currency, and limit or reduce armaments.

Much of the department of agriculture's A. A. A. program has been excellent as a temporary policy.

Hypotenuse of Howls

By CLARENCE DAY



A BIRD whose theories were profound
Informed a dog that barks were round.
"But yelps, at least in heated air,
Are probably," he added, "square.

Hence the hypotenuse of howls
Is less than that of silent scowls,
And parallelopiping whines
Should be reduced to co-cosines."

The dog, on hearing this remark,
Lost all ability to bark,
And entered, stupefied and dumb,
The nearest Sanitary Um.

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That the farmers were getting far too small a share of the national income is questioned by no one. Drastic steps had to be taken to improve their status. Whether the program adopted was the best one, or whether it would have been better to sell our exportable surplus at the world market price and directly subsidize the farmer on that portion of his crop consumed domestically is a complex question.

Certainly we should face the fact that our reduction in cotton acreage, for example, has resulted in a big increase in cotton acreage planted throughout the rest of the world. We may permanently lose our foreign cotton customers. Equally certainly we cannot reduce our cotton production to the amount we can consume domestically without having to make terrific adjustments in the whole economy of our Southern states, probably moving hundreds of thousands of people elsewhere, or putting the South back to the poverty that existed following the Civil War.

The Department of Agriculture, however, is planning its long time course more intelligently, with a truer comprehension of economic realities and a broader understanding of the basic problem, which is international rather than domestic, than probably any other governmental department or agency.

Even though our national budget remains unbalanced to enable us to take adequate care of our needy unemployed, there is no cause for immediate alarm provided the administration takes the path that leads to the eventual goal of a larger national income, that is, the production of more goods. If the government's policies are conducive to a revival of private business and expansion of private employment we shall be able to raise the taxes to pay the bill. When that time comes we can properly consider humanitarian measures that will make for more economic security for the masses of our people. Our present task should be to provide jobs for those now unemployed.

The higher any civilization develops, the more complex and difficult it becomes to maintain; and the proportion of the people whose minds can grasp its basic fundamentals becomes smaller.

It will be a long and arduous trek through the swamp of this depression and on to solid land, but the direction we should go is plain.

* *

John Cowles is vice president of the Des Moines Register and Tribune, *a trustee of Drake University, and a director of the Associated Press.*

The London *Observer* recently said: "It seems that in Persia they do not think much of Omar but rather of Firdausi who wrote a complete history of Persia in 60,000 verses at the rate of a gold piece for each verse (*he got only a silver one*). At all events, that was a Magnum Opus, whereas Omar has written only a handful of epigrams, each halting along on four lines."

A Fascinating Small Country

IMAGES OF EARTH: GUATEMALA. By Agnes Rothery. New York: The Viking Press. 1934. $2.50.

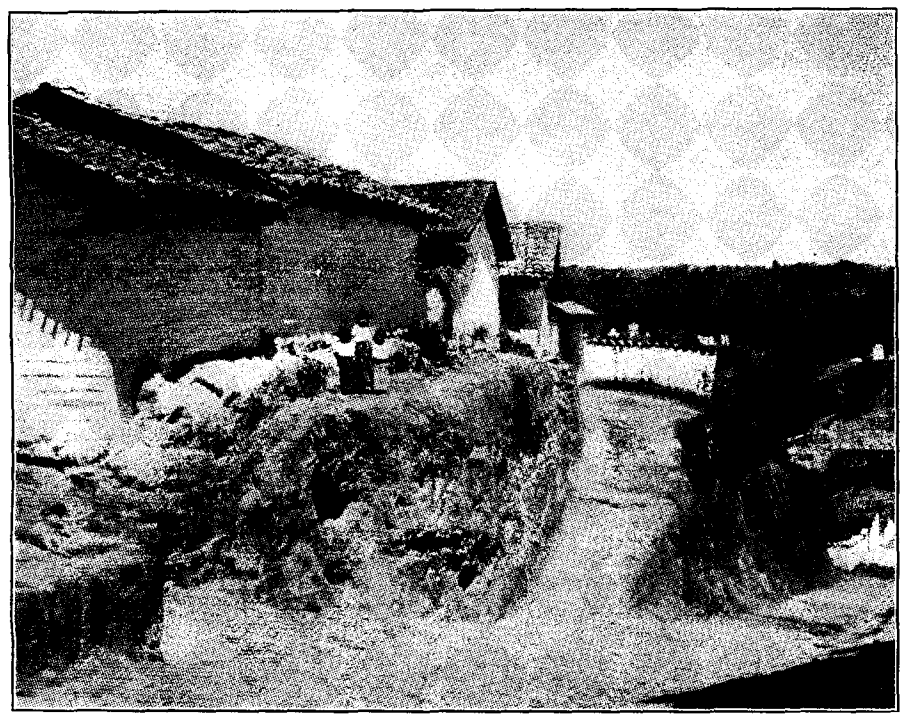
Reviewed by OLIVER LA FARGE

THIS rather slight book will provide a couple of hours' good entertainment for the average reader. Illustrated by really excellent photographs, it provides a lively, running account of impressions on a visit to one of the most fascinating of all small countries, with plenty of atmosphere and human interest.

One may object somewhat to a too clearly feminine style, and a little overwriting, but these are minor defects. More serious is Mrs. Rothery's device of padding her material by bits of pure fiction. Considering how rich a field Guatemala is, these seem confessions of the slightness of her knowledge. Most of them, too, give an effect of straining after originality, and achieving no more than ingenuity. Some are banal. Exceptions must be made for "In the Patio," which has its own merit as a story, and the characterization of Señora Pérez in "On the Finca," though the main idea of the story leaves one cold. Mrs. Rothery does better when she sticks to fact, and is more entertaining.

To those who know Guatemala well, the book will be disappointing. (At this point, honesty requires that I admit that I, myself, have spent but little over a year there.) The photographs betray, what one might guess from the text, that the author visited only the standard places of tourist travel, easily reachable from Guatemala City and Puerto Barrios. A seeing eye, a sensitive traveller willing to spend time, could find reality even on these established routes. That hundreds visit them makes them no less Guatemala. But "Images of Earth" sticks to the superficial and the literary convention. Puerto Barrios, with its cheap brothels and tottering shacks and the jail where, out of kindness, prisoners are doused down every so often with buckets of water to relieve the maddening heat, becomes a model of North American planning and neatness, in which white-linened Anglo-Saxons go correctly about their work and to their clubs. There is no hint of the sweat and sickness and loneliness and violent pleasures of the young men who get our bananas for us.

Rare, indeed, are the writers who make sense about Indians, and Mrs. Rothery is not one of them. Indians are remarkable people, mysterious, as any race is mysterious to another, but they are people, not lay figures, and they do not live by literary conventions. Indians are real; so is Guatemala, as real as Pittsburgh but *infinitely* more attractive. It is this reality which binds the traveller to return. He who has lived there—not merely visited—loves the country for far more than surface prettiness and picturesque-



PHOTOGRAPHS ON THIS PAGE FROM "IMAGES OF EARTH"

ness, for human values of suffering, effort, achievement, failure, life, death, and the major beauties that spring from them, framed, if you please, in the visual fascinations of mountain, jungle, and old cities. Here is great material for any writer who will allow himself to see more than the mere exterior.

This review seems to have edged towards petulance, which was not intended. "Images of Earth" makes good reading; it does convey some of the charm and the atmosphere; it contains some vivid description. But just for myself, personally, I should like to take two or three literary visitors to the tropics and stick them for six months in an Indian village, without benefit of travel agencies or the capitals' foreign colonies.

Phantom King

THE SON OF MARIE ANTOINETTE. The Mystery of the Temple Tower. By Meade Minnigerode. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1934. $3.50.

Reviewed by CHARLES DAVID ABBOTT

"TEMPLE Section. June 10, 1795. Louis Charles Capet, ten years two months old, son of Louis Capet, last King of the French and of Marie Antoinette Josephe Jeanne of Austria. The deceased was born at Versailles, and died day before yesterday at three o'clock in the afternoon." This is the official death certificate of Louis XVII, if any document relating to that unfortunate and mysterious child may be considered official. His ghost troubled France for two generations and has never ceased to worry historians.

The elder Bourbon uncle, safe in Westphalia, had proclaimed him King, as Louis XVII, but the mysteries of the Temple had begun to enshroud him. What actually happened in that ghastly prison is difficult, if not impossible, to determine. The child was in the hands of desperate and unprincipled men; rival factions plotted ineffectually to rescue him; his health was certainly undermined by the stupid indulgences which were permitted him as well as by the restrictions to which he was subjected. Perhaps the natural resilience of the child simply gave way and Louis XVII died a natural death. But so confused and inconsistent are all the documents relating to such a death, so varied and contradictory the later opinions and memories of those who ought to have known the truth, that it is practically impossible to accept such an end. Certainly the French people never universally accepted it. But what then became of him? No one of the pretenders meets the requirements for an unmistakable identity.

This is the question that Mr. Minnigerode has set himself to answer. He has not lost himself in the clouds of evidence, some of it authentic, most of it spurious, but, like a good detective, has followed every clue patiently and tirelessly, extracted some truth even from forgeries by understanding the motives that prompted them, and arrived at an hypothesis which he cannot prove, but which fits the authenticated facts more closely than any other that has been advanced. He believes that Louis XVII did indeed escape from the Temple, that he lived on, unrecognized and politically unrecognizable, that he was unhappily associated with one of the more successful pretenders, and that he died, forlorn and miserable, in 1835. He adduces some interesting facts in support of his theory; he argues ingeniously and acutely; he explains many seemingly inexplicable matters, such as the attitude of the restored Bourbons towards the various pretenders; and, in the end, he almost convinces—*almost*, because so much of his argument is, of necessity, unsupported though brilliant conjecture. As an exercise in logical reasoning his book is admirable. As a biography it lacks harmony and simplicity of movement. There are too many red herrings, the investigation of which is demanded by the argument, but which tend to distract and confuse the reader who is looking for a straightforward account of Marie Antoinette's son.

With Nice Disrespect

WORLD DIARY: 1929-1934. By Quincy Howe. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co. 1934. $3.50.

Reviewed by CECIL JANE-MANSFIELD

FORTY years ago Bernard Shaw decreed that nothing that is not journalism will live long as literature. "The man who writes about himself and his own time is the only man who writes about all people and about all time." But one thinks in vain of any hitherto acceptable author who in his own time has *deliberately* set out to write about "all people"—a "world diary." It was a herculean task even for the up-to-date editor of the hoary *Living Age*. Not only this, but he attempts to sift the history of the five most difficult years that our complex civilization has evolved. Without any of those palpable platitudes which thrive among the dust and ashes of academically correct and punctilious scholarship—but with a mind impregnated with facts, fancies, and philosophies, Mr. Howe delves into the contemporary "quincettence and emptity of things," to quote the fine lady in "Lethe," and emerges with his fists full of dirt, gossip, and anesthetics. The result is really a delight (although one doesn't agree with all the interpretations and doubts the authenticity of half the sources).

The book will have value for historians and for wide-awake readers too. The style is crisp, the phrasing salty, and the author isn't afraid to step on the toes of people who have incurred his disrespect; yet his manner is generally nice, if not indeed inoffensive. There are many obscure bits of information that will amuse scholars and scandal mongers, and the straightforwardness and choice of phraseology will keep interest alive and flourishing. The proof-reading proves the author's skill both as editor and as translator.

The first 300 pages are good—then we begin to disagree. I can see no kinship between Franklin and John Adams, Lenin and Litvinov. I doubt that the *Neue Tage-Buch* could have known much about the *Nazi Purge*. I doubt that the French government is as much the property of the *Comité des Forges* as one might suspect from an innocent perusal of this book. And why should one take it for granted that Singapore is a threat against Japan? But these, after all, are trivial things. The main thing is that the book is loaded with fire: Kornev on Roosevelt; Howe himself on Briand and Tardieu; Cohen-Portheim on "England's Unseen Change"; Gustav Cassel, Sir Josiah Stamp, and Lord D'Abernon on money, production, and exchange; Sir Arthur Samuel on the American recovery program; William Martin on the U. S. A. in Cuba; Havelock Ellis on democracy! These and many other treatments, including those in the cartoons and appendices, are more than worth while. (Fortunately there is also a good index.)

The author lays no claim to divorce from bias, admitting that on such a subject impartiality flies out the window. The worst criticism which one could make on that score is that he is not a conservative, a liberal, or a radical, but fits somewhere between the two latter categories. He is, I believe, what Croce would call a "bloody" Activist.

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The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

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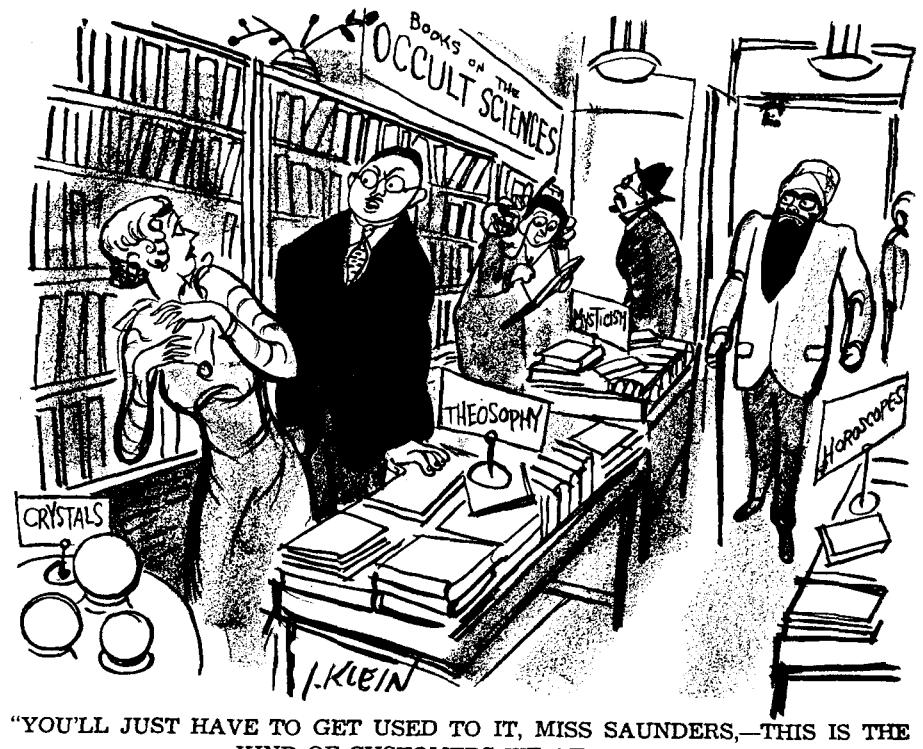
All Jazz

Is the Jazz Age of literature beginning to break up? For jazz, of course, was never limited to music, or morals, or behavior, but worked its way so deeply into styles of writing that it is quite possible to define Hemingway, and Ezra Pound, and the early MacLeish, and Sherwood Anderson, and Gertrude Stein, and T. S. Eliot as stylistic variants of the jazzistry of the nineteen twenties. *Esquire*, a magazine for men, supplies in part these reflections, but that is only an accident of Christmas reading. In a recent number of this magazine, among flippant success stories and smart sophistications, pointed by comic cartoons in *The New Yorker* manner, and illustrations more original and better than most of the text, can be read precisely the sort of causeries that one finds at the end of an epoch. There the leaders of a new mode, once so deadly serious and thought-provoking, write of each other in elaborate "spoofs" that sound like the clatter of smart intellectuals in a speakeasy of the last age. Hemingway makes fun of Seldes and Saroyan. Pound in an artificial roughneck dialect discourses of Hemingway, calling him "Hem." Some one else writes in the jazz manner of another purple cow of the last decade, and so on and so on, until one wonders twice—first, what all this literary chit chat has to do with the men's sport goods and wines and liquors in the advertisements; and second, why the notoriously unintellectual American men for whom the magazine is edited wish to read about it at all, unless the subjects have already become legendary, symbols of the decorative culture of a decade passed into talk—collectors' items for the acquisitive male who will read about literature when it can be taken as a joke, which means when the women have stopped sentimentalizing about it and the authors come off their perches and talk like vulgar human beings.

And indeed it was all jazz, these attempts to impose new rhythms on nervous indigestion. Wrenching the language out of meaning altogether (Gertrude Stein); mixing Greek beauty and Anglo-Saxon smut in the attempt, often successful, to get a new diction (Ezra Pound); making emotion and punctuation both incoherent (E. E. Cummings); beating up the anarchy of a demoralized society into hard little sentences that sound like the blows of a tack hammer (Hemingway); telling a story by telling in a round of repetition how you are going to tell it (the young Saroyan, presenting perhaps the last jazz measure); dancing from the tip of one allusion to another in a tap dance that changes its measure to fit a hidden sense (the T. S. Eliot of yesteryear); down and down to the radio hour with two stations talking through each other of the new-type Broadway columnist who turns gossip into jazz.

The jazz age is disintegrating fast. It has gone in Europe. In America it has reached its exhibitionistic phase, and in a few years more will go on the radio in the March of Time as a historical episode of the Tangled Twenties. "They sound," said some one of the sexual wisecracks at a first night of a poor play this autumn, "like 1932." When dating accelerates this way, the end of an age is near.

Bernard Shaw has given the letters written to him by Ellen Terry to the British Museum. Other interesting additions to the Museum include some autograph notes by Shelley on a play by Thomas Jefferson Hogg, and part of the manuscript of Hogg's Life of Shelley.



"YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO GET USED TO IT, MISS SAUNDERS,—THIS IS THE KIND OF CUSTOMERS WE ATTRACT."

Letters to the Editor: *General Bliss and His Journals*

"Neither Timid Nor Apologetic"

SIR:—I have just read in your *Saturday Review* of December 22 herewith, a review of Colonel Frederick Palmer's recent book, "Bliss, Peacemaker."

As one who served as Chief of Staff of the American Expeditionary Forces at the time the Supreme War Council was created and General Bliss came personally into the war picture in Europe, and as one who continued with the AEF, until the army came home, I confess to being rather shocked by some of the statements of your reviewer. I have very recently read the book myself and consider it the best book that has been brought out in its particular field. I can hardly bring myself to believe that Mr. Thomas had read the book.

I cannot reconcile his statement that General Bliss apparently kept no diary or journal with the fact that this book abounds in quotations from the General's diary and from his weekly letters to Secretary Baker which really constituted a running record of events. General Bliss played a very great part on the Supreme War Council,—how great I never fully realized, even though I was on the ground, until I read this book. The suggestion that General Bliss yielded to the wiles of the French and British in an effort to thwart Pershing's independent American Army is very well disposed of in Pershing's own book (Vol. I, page 305), which shows both Bliss and Pershing in a fine, manly attitude of complete understanding with each other. Colonel Palmer's handling of it seems to me neither timid nor apologetic. General Bliss deferred to General Pershing in everything affecting the command of the AEF, as he should have done. Palmer's book leaves no doubt of this,—and it is one of the outstanding fact in the long, loyal, and very distinguished record of General Bliss. He occupied a post that could very seriously have impeded General Pershing's efforts, and he took the opposite course in every instance with which I am familiar. The story of the Supreme War Council is told for Americans in no other book as it is here.

As Mr. Thomas says, General Bliss's own conviction was that as large an American army as possible should be got into the war without delay. That is exactly what happened. The recommendation was never rejected so that there could be no "how or why." What America did after the declaration of war was her red-blooded best.

No one can have a well rounded knowledge of the events between April 6th, 1917 and the signing of the Treaty of Versailles on June 28th, 1919, who has not read this book. I commend it to students of history, and quite particularly to those whose reading may be guided by the *Saturday Review of Literature*.

J. G. HARBORD,
Major General, U. S. Army,
Retired List.

New York City.

"Scholar, Humanist, Statesman"

SIR:—It is small-minded and inhospitable for an author to take exception to criticism. Even when he complains that evidently a reviewer has not read his book he appears to me to lack a sense of humor and to be pouting in injured vanity.

Too many books are written. Therefore the reviewers have to review too many. After a few trial pages the reviewer may warrantably consider that this sample is more than sufficient. It may happen that reviewers have their bad days no less than authors in passages which drop below their own habitual mediocrity.

However, when your reviewer of "Bliss, Peacemaker" says that General Bliss "apparently kept no diary or journals" it does seem in order for the author to correct this incredible mis-statement in a publication of the character and prestige of *The Saturday Review of Literature*. Under the heading of "acknowledgments" I made it clear at the outset that the basis of the biography was Bliss's letters, diaries, journals, and memoranda. There were references to this in the text; it was further attested in the footnotes. Many of the chapters consist almost entirely of quotations which included everything casting fresh light on policies, principles, or disputed points.

We have a gratifyingly candid and philosophical record of the actions and views of a man who had a major part in great affairs. The record had the advantage of being written at the time of the event; of documentation in place of fallible human memory upon which many men have relied for their memoirs. Bliss's journals, as our representative on the Supreme War Council, which formed major Allied policies out of a conflict of national passions and interests, and again as a delegate to the Peace Conference, have the same relative historical value as Madison's journal of the framing of the American Constitution. But to one of my close experience of the horror and waste of war, they have still greater value for the present and the future.

Here was a soldier who gave his old age to the battle for peace. He made the most practical and profound contribution I know in his letters on the eternal problem. It should be a permanent textbook for all who prefer peace to war; and it is pregnantly applicable in the present stage of the present cycle between wars, which is easily recognizable in historical relativity in its cynical indifference and mental and emotional processes of unconscious incitation to another war.

Therefore Bliss was not the kind of thoughtful soldier to appeal to anyone who prefers war to peace and militarism for militarism's own sweet sake, to the pseudo-military historian who resents Bliss's heartbreak over the Versailles Treaty, or to the enthusiastic proselyte of a medieval militarism who does not know war's realities and who sees chess-play with human bodies against modern fire as a matchless sport. But I think that the statesmanship of the Bliss papers will appeal to all truly learned professional soldiers who do know realities and consequently have a vivid sense of their responsibilities.

The reviewer wants more information about Bliss's susceptibility to the wiles of the British and the French. Was he the more susceptible because he could read an old Latin sentence which baffled his European colleagues or because he knew the languages and knew Europe and the nature and history of its peoples? What are the charges on this score from which the reviewer asks for defense? We must have evidence from the plaintiff before there is any defendant to make reply. Suspicion bred of gossip among subordinates on the backstairs of the staff is not evidence.

It seems that the reviewer also wants to know why some of Bliss's suggestions were ignored. The answers are documented in the Bliss book. They were also extensively documented in the book I based on the papers of Secretary of War Baker. I may add that an index is not appended to a book to be read in place of the book itself, but as an aid to reference after reading the book.

Unhappily for his fame Bliss never blew his trumpet or called in a personal trumpeter when a squad of trumpeters may be required these days "to get your name before the public." All trumpeting was as disdainful to him as the pomp and side to which he was entitled as a four-star general. He was inherently, almost exclusively objective; but, as he said, he refused to "abdicate the functions of his mind."

If such an argosy of journals and diaries by an Englishman who had held equally important positions had come to the port of publication they would have had broad and deep attention in his home land which would have been reflected in our own. A scholar, a humanist, a statesman, a man of peace in an American army uniform! American convention in its pigeonholing process cannot accept such a possibility.

I hope this reviewer did not think I invented the journals and diaries. I wish I were capable of a faint imitation of them in their power of consecutive thinking and the writer's mastery of his own tongue and its origins in clarity of expression. FREDERICK PALMER.

New York City.

Brains Trust

SIR:—I have read your presentation of my article in the December 15 number of *The Saturday Review*, and am glad to testify to the absence of textual or typographical errors in the setting of it. In only one instance did it miss the point

(*Continued on page 414*)

The Saturday Review recommends

This Group of Current Books:

HEAVEN'S MY DESTINATION. By THORNTON WILDER. *Harpers*. A picaresque novel with an allegorical slant.

VIA MALA. By JOHN KNITTEL. *Stokes*. A tale of passion and tragedy among Swiss peasants.

THE MYSTERY CHEF'S OWN BOOK. *Longmans, Green*. In the words of the publishers "takes the mystery out of cooking."

This Less Recent Book:

CONQUISTADOR. By ARCHIBALD MACLEISH. *Houghton Mifflin*. A narrative poem of the conquest of Mexico.

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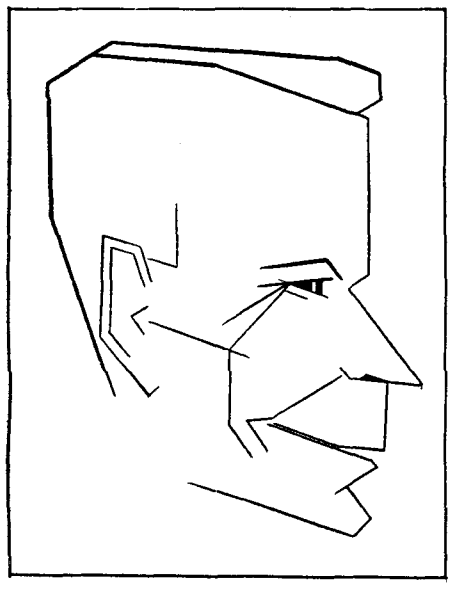
Visitors from Beyond

THE TRANSIENTS. By Mark Van Doren. New York: William Morrow & Company. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

A DEEP sagacity has always distinguished Mark Van Doren's poetry. He has worked unobtrusively and with a fine integrity, being much drawn to the study of nature in its relationship to man. His scholarship has never got in the way of fresh and original observation in his creative work. His sensitive seriousness is that which, really, the deepest humorists possess. One finds him a sound man and a companionable, with the essential wild independence of the poet lurking in the corner of his eye. He is a naturalist as only poets are naturalists; and a poet of the soil who has yet lived the academic life also and the intellectual life of cities. His poetry is coming into its own and shows a steady growth; though it is a bit ironic that the books of his which have probably best rewarded him financially have been anthologies of the work of others.

When such a poet turns to the field of the novel we should not be unprepared for an imaginative content which transcends flat-footed realism. Yet, in "The Transients," Mr. Van Doren has managed



MARK VAN DOREN
Caricature by Eva Herrmann, from "On Parade" (Coward-McCann)

to tell a thoroughly realistic story with transcendental implications conveyed with an almost humorous delicacy. John Bole and Margaret Shade materialize in rural Connecticut—and yet "materialize" is the wrong word, because they are suddenly there, as palpably and tangibly as any two human beings. As there is something of the woodland in their names, there is obviously a peculiarity in their natures. They are transients in a larger sense than that conveyed by the register of a small-town hotel. Not that they stay at any small-town hotel. John is immediately incarcerated for hitch-hiking, and Margaret wanders the roads seeking John, whom she has lost upon their arrival, until she is picked up by young Stephen Shepherdson, a well-to-do youth whose parents have gone abroad. Meanwhile John has become a disturbing influence in the life of Madge Whitestone, the daughter of his jailor. The story is of the escape of the two "transients" from the two human beings who most particularly attach themselves to them, and of their being reunited on earth until the inevitable end which could not be stayed or delayed. The human beings are left to suffer a certain amount, with memories that will haunt them. The differing desires of John and Margaret, with reference to life on earth, furnish a conflict which ends in John's fixed intention prevailing. He goes first, and Margaret follows him, but whether to rejoin him in the end—if there is an end—we do not know.

Perhaps that all sounds vague, but it is poignant in Mr. Van Doren's story, and I can give you little idea of the subtlety with which he has presented the other-worldly ponderings of his principal, and "abhuman," characters. What they do and what they say is all so natural, and they are wholly real. The larger implications are indicated concisely. The element of fantasy has rarely been so closely inwoven with precise reality of narration. These people are one with the spirit of nature which is older than our world.

This is, as you will have perceived, an unusual story. The action takes place all within one month of late summer, and the story contains much more than the mere conception of a celestial visitation. Its mysticism is much closer to natural phenomena. It is a choice book because it goes deeper into the material world than most of us ever go. It is a story beautiful and consoling to intelligent people, though it leaves us still with a query. It is a novel that stands by itself apart from the usual run of novels, written with a poet's occasional command of language, yet close to us and deeply human. Look into the vista of the grove and see them vanish; yet these two protagonists are as real as the shade cast by a tree or the light upon its leaves.

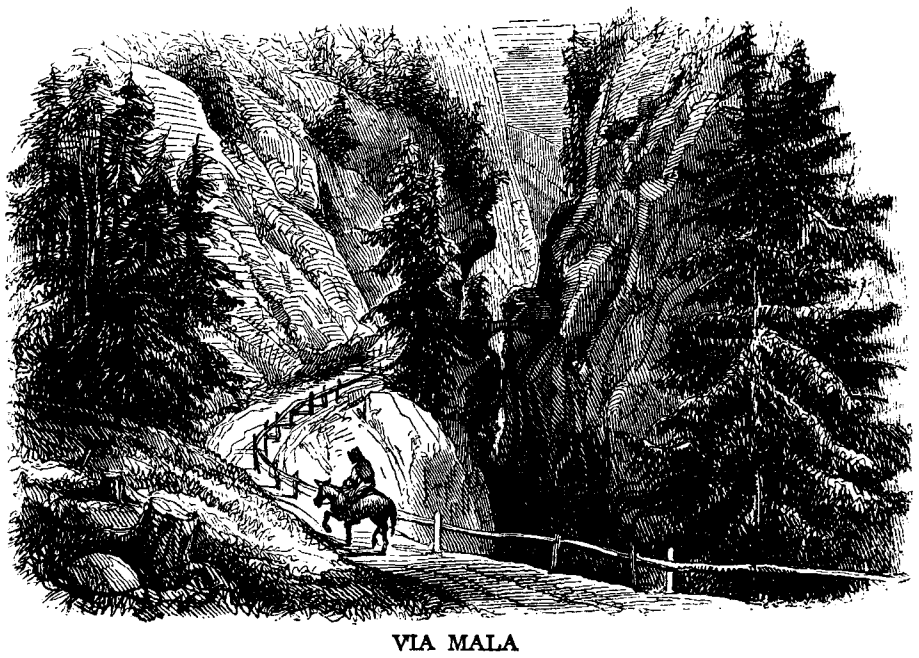
Greek Tragedy

(*Continued from first page*)

the aftermath of murder. Andreas was Second Examining Magistrate of Lanzberg, and a twist of fate threw the unsolved problem of old Lauretz's disappearance on to his official desk for investigation. Digging into the Lauretz dossier, Andreas began to discern the truth. For a time it seemed that the world in which he and Sylvelie had dwelt so joyously, so confidently, and so securely, must vanish in disaster. For a time. . . .

Further disclosure of the plot of "Via Mala" would be pointless and unfair to those who may be led by this review to the tale itself. It is a tale that gathers pace and power as it proceeds, until the reader finds himself emotionally identified with the tortured characters, and a victim of the same anguished suspense that they are forced to endure. The construction of the narrative is masterly. From the darkness of murder we move into the glowing light that illumines the love idyll of Sylvelie and Andi, and then we are drawn back again into the shadows, while every fibre of our being is outraged, fearful, and protesting. Certain scenes of the story seem, to one who has just read them, as though they could never be forgotten: the scene of the murder itself, with Niclaus, Hanna, and Frau Lauretz all struggling hysterically to share the guilt; the scene in which Sylvelie at first suspects and then learns what has been done during her absence from home; and that truly terrible scene in which Hanna screams out the truth to the man who is at once her sister's husband and the incarnation of the law. At no point does the author falter, or compromise, or take liberties with his material. The stern, straight line of Greek tragedy is followed until almost the very end, and, if the end is not Greek, it is wholly human and convincing.

When criticism applies the word "great" to works that are fresh from the press, it is more often rash than right. So I shall content myself with saying that of the novels published during my lifetime I have read only five or six that have seemed, on first acquaintance, to be as ambitiously conceived and as powerfully executed as "Via Mala."



VIA MALA

What Is a Story?

BY WILLIAM SAROYAN

WHATEVER else art may be (such as revelation of nature, criticism of civilization, commentary, propaganda, judgment, social or spiritual history, or simply entertainment), art is primarily substance selected accurately, for definite reasons, whether good or not good. Inevitably, of course, mortality is the final limitation of every art form, and no matter how wild or profound the imagination, it is no less nourished by the elements of the earth, so that any thought, however elevated or abstract, or any vision, however pure, is inevitably rooted in the concrete, and therefore any perfection in art is no more than a *seeming* perfection, just as any perfection in nature is tentative, having beginning and ending. In nature, however, the repetition of perfection is reasonably assured and the end of a thing is the cause of its beginning again: space and time; earth, air, water, sun, and all the elements of life; seasons; growth; and finally decay, dispersal, or death; and then seed, or birth, and growth again, perfection again, and death again, endlessly: the four seasons, the order of the universe. And since in nature man's reality is not greatly different from the reality, let us say, of rodents, man's activity, even in art, is helplessly the consequence of universal patterns and rhythms; and therefore the repetition of perfection in art is no more than this same repetition in nature, and the absolute ending of one is no less unlikely than the absolute ending of the other. When the universe swallows itself into nothing, art will swallow itself into nothing, not before.

Nevertheless, there is this truth: substance in art is unlike substance in nature. The body of art, though closely related to the elements of the earth and the rhythms of the universe, is a subtler body, composed of subtler matter, and the rhythm of art is, while no more than an intensification of universal rhythms (seasons, growth of plants, movements of rivers and seas), finally a different rhythm. It is inevitably the man himself, and more besides: not simply the man as he would be destined to be if he lived simply, innocently, unconsciously, but the man (and his rhythm) as he comes to live through the various stages of growth: disillusion, loss of innocence, creation of consciousness, and finally a return to the mystical and unknown, a new seeking after innocence (which if found now becomes a much nobler innocence than the innocence simply of not knowing, not being aware), and a constant employment of consciousness, imposing it on the whole of the earth, on all life, on every natural rhythm.

This, I think, is the nature of *being* one who creates art, and it is certainly not the nature of being one who simply imitates art, which is another story, and to me a boring one. Anybody can learn to write sentences, paragraphs, and books, and apparently *everybody* seems to have learned enough about writing sentences to want to write books. I doubt, however, if more than a dozen living people are trying to create art, and trying like the devil not to imitate it. In writing there are Joyce, and Stein, Jolas and Cummings and Williams. In drawing and painting there is Picasso; in sculpture Eric Gill and Brancusi and Mestrovic; in music (well, I don't know enough about music even to be able to name several, but certainly I would name American jazz as a whole); and, seriously, in journalism, in the day to day record of the sensational in life, I would name the slaves of William Randolph Hearst, for they are creating what must be identified as art, and then rejected as poor art. The same can even be said for some of the others I have named. I am now interested in the *trying*, and not in the question of whether or not the art created is good or bad. Even when *created* art is bad, it is somewhat good in that it is important, since bad is simply the opposite of good, and good can result from bad in time, and generally does.

What, if anything, is a story? Well, frankly, I do not exactly know, and believe no one exactly knows, and if anyone *does* exactly know, I believe this *knowing* isn't so terrifically important, and if it is important at all, I do not believe it is important enough to stand in the way of the growth of art, which is inevitably the growth of living, and if I myself am interested in anything at all, I am interested in growth, in keeping in motion, in expanding, in not standing still, however artfully. To be petrified, I suppose, is to be perfect after a fashion, but I would rather be wholly alive, in motion, and imperfect. I would certainly prefer to stop writing altogether than to be turned into a pillar of salt. The man who journeys should not turn back to look upon the road he has traveled.

Short, or short short, story or novel, are necessary terms, I suppose, but not too necessary not to be ignored, if need be, and I think need be. Art is not wholly duration, although duration is part of art. What it is mostly is integration, a making of wholeness. An egg is whole, and is an egg no less because it is small or large, ostrich or robin, white or spotted. The wholeness of a billiard ball is unlike the wholeness of an egg in that it cannot be eaten or hatched into a bird. The wholeness of a billiard ball is form alone: the shape round, the color white, the texture smooth, the density even and sustained: form alone. The egg is form AND substance. That is, living substance, mutability, substance growing.

So, if a creation of art is not large, it is no less a creation of art, and even if it is not a story, short or long, it is still a creation of art. I don't care *what* my stuff is called, just so I go on creating it. I don't even care if it is printed and read or not, just so I go on creating it, which is the beginning and the end of my part of the bargain. In a country where the art of ballyhoo is highly developed it is inevitable that even an important writer shall be so widely ballyhooed as to seem to be only another unimportant writer, and this is so because publication of a book, however important, is primarily a business risk, involving money, and the need to sell a book, even if it is great, makes ballyhoo essential, and too much ballyhoo rather amusingly upsets the balance of critics normally sound, and the result is that a great writer is interpreted in terms of the amount of ballyhoo surrounding him, which is critically idiotic, and has absolutely nothing to do with the works of the writer, and less to do with the writer himself. A thing is what it is, especially a created thing. An uncreated thing, an imitated thing, is not even what it is supposed to be, and is therefore largely nothing. It is not a question of whether or not a creation is a story, but a question of whether or not it *is* at all, and if it *is*, but is seemingly not a story, it *is* nevertheless. and that's all there is to it.

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The Bowling Green

XI. Guayaquil

THERE are forty miles of the broad Guayas river from the island of Puna (which Pizarro used as a base in his invasion of Peru) up to the city of Guayaquil. This urgent stream, his first equatorial river, gives the passenger much pleasure; it carries down great mats and tangles of loose vegetation, and many odd-shaped craft. (It is the Guayas, as we remarked before, that in a tropic evening smells as sweet as waitresses.) But it keeps the skipper much alert. He was on the bridge, watching carefully overside where one of the cadets called soundings. We were going up on the comb of the rising tide, but there are a couple of bars where the silt piles thick. "Mark five, sir"; and then "A quarter four, sir." An experienced seaman judges soundings by the feel of his feet on the deck as well as by the leadsman's tally: when the bilge gets really close to the mud you can feel her drag, hang back, slowed by suction along the bottom. *Santa Maria* was drawing about 25 feet. The little brown-faced Ecuadorian pilot, in a clean but somewhat ragged white coat, was standing by. The skipper felt that sticky, clinging sluggishness under his bootsoles and muttered something sharply. *"Veinte siete—mas o menos,"* said the pilot cheerfully. ("Twenty-seven —more or less.") I saw a flash of professional indignation in the skipper's eyes. *"Mas o menos!"* he repeated. A hell of a way to talk to a responsible shipmaster! *"Muy agua,"* he remarked ironically, in good Glasgow Spanish.

⁂ ⁂

My only disappointment in Guayaquil was not the town's fault but Prescott's. He gives one the expectation that all down that coast one is sure to see Chimborazo topping the world. "Few of the works of Nature," he said (writing on Beacon Hill), "are calculated to produce impressions of higher sublimity . . . where mountain is seen to rise above mountain, and Chimborazo, with its glorious canopy of snow, glittering far above the clouds, crowns the whole as with a celestial diadem." And for several days I had been trying to remember a stanza of Emily Dickinson's, something about "Chimborazo . . . Cotopaxi . . ." But the great mountain itself was hidden in a lofty loom of fog. Several times that day, in sudden shifts and openings of sky, something gleamed blue and opal far away; like fire seen pale through tissue; like pearl wrapped in cellophane. There was something there, tormentingly invisible. Was that it? I will not pretend: the nearest I got to it was a picture postcard in the admirable bookshop of Señor Uzcategui on the Boulevard Ninth of October. Or better still: on the well-deck aft were stacked some barrels of oil, stencilled with the great name—CHIMBORAZO. Against the historian's Boston Assurance I set a ship's officer who told me he had voyaged the West Coast for twenty years and never seen the mountain yet.

The ship anchors in midstream, and is immediately surrounded by a whole navy of small craft. Port officials, with a great deal of gold braid and white uniforms not quite clean, troop up the gangway. Boatmen follow, each with an identifying number in his straw hat (I can't remember whether these chaps were called *fleteros* or *floteros?*) to solicit your patronage for their various launches. The after hatch is rapidly converted into a bazaar, and the passengers enter into animated bargaining for snakeskins, Panama hats, bows and arrows, stuffed baby-alligators, and ivory nuts carved in likeness of General Bolivar. But it is General Sucre rather than Bolivar who is the hero of Ecuador and has given his name to the silver coin of most frequent currency. It was amusing to see how rapidly the children discovered the exchange value of the sucre and were prompt at vigorous chaffering. The Panama hat, which comes not from Panama but from Ecuador, is the one specialty every traveller has set his heart on. First of all, however, everyone is hankering to get ashore; this is not a jumble of hovels like Buenaventura but a city of dignity and pride. A narrow, sun-baked launch, quivering in the fierce downward push of the stream, takes you past one of the most curious waterfronts in the world. Craft that suggest the earliest beginnings of navigation contrast with modern Dutch freighters lying at anchor a few cables away. Cayucas (dugout canoes) and primitive balsa rafts are stacked with bananas. There are sailing sloops built high at bow and stern, very medieval in shape, and a long string of the little cargo steamers which travel the network of rivers that feed the Guayas. Their names are music: *Yolanda, Rosa Elvira, Luz Marina, Mesias, Lola, Piladora Susana.* You land on the Malecon by two pretentiously handsome buildings, the Palacio Municipal and Palacio de Gobierno. Our steamship folder calls the Malecon the Riverside Drive of Guayaquil, but it is parked and shrubbed with a gay formality far brighter and neater than Riverside Drive ever attempted. And reaching away before you are the shady arcades of the Boulevard Ninth of October which is the town's Fifth Avenue. There you'll become familiar with the useful word *cambio* (exchange), try to choose intelligently among innumerable *sombreros finos Montecristi* (a highly esteemed brand of Panama hat), note the set of Dickens in Spanish in Sr. Uzcategui's *libreria,* or admire the old wooden church of San Francisco behind the fan-palms and the statue of Rocafuerte. It will please your native convoy if you remark on the symbolism of this statesman's name. (An inscription in his honor is neatly cut in little ornamental herbs around the statue.) And when weary of chasing to and fro you can sit in the shadowy arcade (as do Mary and Betty the waitresses, after serving a big almuerzo) with a glass of good Ecuadorian beer. The *Nautical Gazette,* my authority on all South American trade matters, tells me that the native beer has now supplanted previous importations from Germany and Denmark.

⁂ ⁂

Guayaquil has had a good deal to overcome, besides earthquakes. She is one of the very few large cities that have grown up practically on the line of the Equator; and though Professor Jeans reminds us that on that latitude the earth's centrifugal spin should make it easier to break jumping records, the climate does not encourage high-jumping. Feeling the soporific onset of that meridian sun I was the more aware of the energy required to build those massive arcades, the new Government Palace, the long stone quay. I sympathized with the proprietor of a suburban *quinta* who has an amusing aviary around his house, including the great condor, the national bird of Ecuador. The swift stream of the river is gradually carrying away his back garden, but he does not seem to be worrying about it. How long I myself, even in the brisk air of Long Island, would postpone any such problem. And only a few years ago Guayaquil was notorious for disease; old travellers will tell you how they took elaborate precaution to avoid the city when going inland to Quito. The mere fact of having visited Guayaquil ensured quarantine on arriving at other South American ports. But after the triumphs at Panama, General Gorgas and men trained under him were called in, screens and pure water supply installed, and fever is now said to be as low as anywhere.

Perhaps it is a reminiscence of her old-time death-rate that one of the sights you are sure to be shown is the cemetery. It is a white vista of vaults and niches on a secluded slope, surrounded by trees unknown to us (I think they named them as algaroba and cholquin). An avenue of royal palms leads up, through warm afternoon silence, to greater royalty still. Above, the rough scrub of the hillside is thickly set with wooden crosses for those who could not pay their way into the reservation. Our Latin friends are usually more dramatic in their mortuary devices:

CHIMBORAZO—*from a postal card*

I saw a tablet in memory of one who had been killed by a motor truck, and the carving gave a grimly precise picture of the accident, with the departing soul (helped by two angels) hastening skyward up a sort of runway. Guayaquil is surprisingly active with motor cars, and may yet find them (as we have) quite as deadly as anopheles or stegomyia.

⁂ ⁂

Most of all, I think, my mind dwells on that big brown river, rippling so strongly down between the parallels of jungle. A strange blue light hangs over it upstream. queer shifts of cloud, gilded by sunset, curtain in the town. Beyond its low hills there seems constant movement in the sky, slopes of cordillera briefly seen, immensities half suggested. In such a lure of shade and color the Spaniards might well have been eager to press on and to believe anything. It was in that country they first heard the legend of El Dorado. And to me that wide flood with its surly flux of current, its torn rafts of floating foliage, its strange canoes and hothouse smell, was the nearest I have come to visualizing great tropic rivers dear to me in print—the Congo of Conrad, the Amazon of H. M. T. And the Guayas, though not large as American rivers go, is a sort of uncle to one of the greatest. There was a certain conquistador who came to bring reinforcements to Pizarro at the island of Puna. His name was De Soto, afterwards discoverer of the Mississippi. But the Guayas was his first big river.

For myself, I consider with due restraint the man who went out to see Chimborazo and found only a postal card.

(To be continued)

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

If This Be Socialism, Make the Most of It

THE BATTLE FOR DEMOCRACY. By Rexford Guy Tugwell. New York: Columbia University Press. 1935. $3.

Reviewed by JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

IN this collection of the speeches, articles, and clinical notes of the Under-Secretary of Agriculture, the man who has been called a red by Mark Sullivan, a fascist by George Sokolsky, and a downright bad writer by Isabel Paterson, explains himself in terms that are no more and no less American than the philosophy of John Dewey. Professor Tugwell announces himself as a small town fellow who would like to see a country with no very rich people, and no very poor people, either. He is an economist who believes that decentralization and simplicity of life have been made attainable once more by the fact of the high power electrical transmission wire, which will, some day, permit factory laborers to live in pleasantly bucolic surroundings quite close to their places of work. In politics, he is a constitutional democrat who would shudder at any change other than that achieved via the ballot box. In philosophy, he is a Deweyan enemy of all 'isms. This means that he is willing to experiment in any direction that promises a maximum amount of happiness and security for the American people. If the experiment leads to socialism, he says, "Make the most of it." But he is no more committed a priori to socialism than he is committed a priori to cannibalism. He is, par excellence, the instrumentalist, the pragmatist.

The terms which Professor Tugwell uses may not be convincing to those who ask for clarity and for precision in detail. They are certainly not convincing to Mark Sullivan on the Right, to George Sokolsky in the Center, to Henry Hazlitt (who dislikes Tugwell's "baccalaureate suavity"), to Isabel Paterson in her own little individualist niche, or to Murray Godwin on the Marxist Left. The Messrs. Sullivan and Sokolsky are afraid that Professor Tugwell menaces our "liberties." Mr. Hazlitt rejects the Tugwellian rejection of Adam Smith. Mr. Godwin dislikes the Brain Truster because he is a reformist, not a Bolshevik. Mrs. Paterson is ag'in' him because he attacks the gold standard in slovenly English. For myself, I don't see how a man who believes in free speech, free press, free criticism, and constitutional change, can be an enemy of fundamental liberties. I believe that Professor Tugwell is on the right track in rejecting Adam Smith, not so much because I dislike the Free Trade ideal (temperamentally I'm for it), but because I don't think Free Trade can ever be attained in a world of jangled price levels, fifty-seven currencies, wildly fluctuating balances of trade, uncontrollable gold movements, and generally uneven conditions of development in different capitalist countries. I don't see why Marxists worry themselves particularly about the Tugwells, for these pragmatists are merely exploring possibilities that are bound to be tried before Marxism can ever have its chance. As for the gold standard, one might ask Mrs. Paterson to justify the use of treating it apart from a hundred and fifty other things. Not even Carter Glass can explain how currency and liabilities amounting to $24,-500,000,000 (the debt some time ago of the world's central banks) can be settled with the world's stock of monetary gold, which is, or was, worth $10,950,000,000. If anyone is to blame for the repudiation of promises involved in going off the gold standard and subsequent devaluation, it is the forgotten formulator of the theory of bank reserves.

So the matter comes down to Professor Tugwell's ability to write English. Mrs. Paterson is right, after all. It is not so much that Professor Tugwell is sometimes slovenly (as when he speaks of occasions that are "inappropriate" to anointing his chief, Mr. Roosevelt, with "biassed praise" —as if there could be an appropriate time for biassed praise). The matter goes deeper than that. What depresses one, ultimately, with a book like "The Battle for Democracy" is its distressing vagueness.

It is vague for many reasons. First of

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all, "The Battle for Democracy" is not a scientific book, but a political pamphlet. Most of the papers explain what the New Deal aspires to, not what it is actually doing to various groups in the United States. It has much to say about the benefits to planters of cotton crop limitations, but nothing to say about unemployment among the share croppers that results from this limitation. It flirts with the idea of a central board for the allocation of capital in industry, but does not tell how this board can be fairly or democratically controlled in a land where one man has a million for investment and the next man a hundred. It speaks of a "maintenance era" in industry, but does not demonstrate what this means in terms of the future market for durable goods. (In a "maintenance era" would steel production ever exceed twenty-five per cent of capacity?) It uses the old footballs, "fair wage" and "fair price," but these have been will o' the wisps since the time of St. Thomas Aquinas. In the face of authorities on viticulture, it asserts that California wines are in many respects superior to European wines. It never comes to grips with the real problems of labor organization which Section 7A was alleged to have settled. And, finally, it does not explore the moot question of how much profit is necessary to fuel the capitalist engine.

And yet, in spite of all these deficiencies, I am annoyed at those who jump on Professor Tugwell because it is becoming fashionable. If he can't be precise when he is explaining the New Deal, he does present one with a good overview of the United States of the Old Deal. His paper on "When Corporations Save" is a shrewd footnote to J. A. Hobson's theory of the causes of business depression. He has a great deal to say that is of value to those who are dealing with problems of soil conservation, of reforestation, of reclamation. He is not bulldozed by the phrases of those who look back on 1929, with its "spotted reality of competition and control," as the halcyon era of free competition.

If anyone wishes to trample on "The Battle for Democracy" because it doesn't come to grips with the problems raised by the New Deal, it is all right with me. But if people trample on it merely to prove that Reed Smoot was an authority on the tariff, that Samuel Insull knew what he was doing, that the Farm Board was economically sound and the AAA therefore unsound, and that General Electric common was once really worth $396 a share, then Professor Tugwell will have a legitimate grievance. Unfortunately, too much of the growing Tugwell opposition once believed these very things.

A Baptist Don Quixote

(*Continued from first page*)

Proustian omnibus, nor sprawling thousand-page epic of assorted histories. It is a miniature, and it is a delightful miniature, witty, shrewd, as lively with its tough and rough, bawdy and sentimental, dumb and not so dumb characters from the contemporary American scene, as a vaudeville sketch. It is what the comic strip might be if a man with some genius lifted it into art. Its subject is that almost forgotten theme (which wiser men than we have regarded as the most important of all)—morality. Yet it has no moral in the usual sense of that phrase, but springs from a gusto for living, which, although every scene can be interpreted ironically, is not really ironical, and certainly not cynical, because Wilder is completely in love with the moral aspects of human nature, whether he finds them in bawdy houses, court rooms, country stores, or hay lofts where young ladies are being ruined by accident. Or if it has a moral, the reference is to the picaresque adventures of the soul in search of reality and is described in Wilder's quotation from himself on the fly-leaf of the volume: "Of all the forms of genius goodness has the longest awkward age."

George Brush, the hero of this apologue, is frankly in search of Heaven, and both George and his Heaven are made in America. He is one of those perplexing products of a long filtration of Protestantism through Puritanism, Methodism, the Baptists, the Y. M. C. A., until there is nothing vital left but an obstinate belief in a set of formulas—Prohibition, Fundamentalism, the American home, the sacredness of women, the morality of success. There is nothing genuine left in George except his tenor voice, and a conviction that he is always right, alternating with a passionate desire that his friends should approve of him. Indeed if this textbook salesman had not tried to convert every one he met into a good Christian and a friend at the same time, and had not been such an extraordinary combination of well-meaning dumbness and considerable efficiency, nor so utterly ignorant of everything except that he had graduated from a good college and yet so certain that he was God's pet lamb, we should not have had this book.

We see him through his friends and acquaintances—a grand lot. There is Queenie the keeper of a run-down boarding house, and Mrs. Crofut and her girls in a high-grade establishment, and Mr. Blodgett and his mistress upon whom the effect of George's primitive Christianity is such as to alarm both men for her sanity, and his drunken newspaper pal Herb, and the Judge who realizes as he listens to George Marvin Brush on Gandhi that he had lived a dull life up to this moment, and the hold-up man who is given more money than he stole, and his morale ruined thereby, and Lottie who tries to persuade George that love and duty aren't synonymous but fails utterly, and—it is a small book, but this is only half of the gallery. And among them, talking the pompous Americanese of the graduates of Shiloh Baptist College and being answered in vigorous colloquialisms as racy as Ring Lardner at his best, moves this Baptist Don Quixote, deep in his own dream, which if dumb, is a dream, and selling his ideas, his personality, his imperfect erudition, precisely as the Don sold his to every one, and taking, like the Don, his hard knocks with a kind of mystified exaltation.

"Heaven's My Destination" is an apologue of American life. It is the prudish, ignorant, humorless goodness of the American strain in its awkward age, growing up very slowly, and making a conspicuous ass of itself. And yet there is something impressive in moral goodness, even when dumb, and in George Marvin Brush. The Judge, Mr. Blodgett, Mississippi Corey, "the sweetest and snappiest little home girl in Oklahoma," poor old Herb, Burkin the bohemian intellectual, Queenie, and the rest, are all on the down-grade of evolution. They are intensely amusing, but not worth the snap of one's fingers. Mrs. McCoy, Mr. Blodgett's lady, knows more about life in a minute than George ever will, yet what can she do with it! But George has something perdurable in him, like Maine granite or the loam of the prairies. He is dumb, but he is lasting. When he learnt that love and duty are *not* synonymous, and lost his American home, and after that in natural sequence, his faith, he was sick, very sick (it was another formula of his that sickness is mental). Nobody approved of him any more, not even himself. Yet when Father Pasziewski, a mysterious Polish priest whose interest and approval transmitted through Queenie always bucked him up, when Father Pasziewski dying left him a silver spoon in tribute, George got well again and began once more the text-book round, picking up pretty waitresses who read books and putting them through college, self-disciplining himself by not talking for a week, getting arrested for using Christian methods with policemen and robbers, buttonholing his Pullman car neighbors to see if they would come to God—a long awkward age, yet with growth in it. I repeat that there is no irony behind this book. It would be wasted on George Marvin Brush; and besides the real subject, which calls for humor, escapes from irony. For it is America, which has a way, like George and Don Quixote, of outlasting the ironists.

The Northcliffe Prize awarded in England for the best French novel of the year—it is a reciprocal award to the Femina Vie Heureuse Prize—is to presented in future by Heinemann, and will be known as the Heinemann Prize.

The New Books

Fiction

THE MAGIC MIRROR. By Elsie Singmaster. Houghton Mifflin. 1934. $2.50.

Miss Singmaster is a sympathetic and painstaking observer of the Pennsylvania Dutch. Her novel, set in Allentown during the period from 1898 to 1902, scrutinizes their domestic arrangements, the glass and china on the shelves, and the flowers in the gardens; always there is a careful, almost scientific, record of speech peculiarities, even down to the qualities of vowels and consonants. More important than these details is Miss Singmaster's reverence for the racial stocks from which her people have sprung, which makes her see the generation of thirty-five years ago as substantial, honorable citizens, giving to the community of which they are a part no small security and honor. Without in the least making these people merely quaint or odd, and without patronizing them or prettifying their customs, Miss Singmaster brings them to full life, portraying in particular a lower-middle-class group of some dozen or sixteen souls. With a few exceptions they are German to the core, forever conscious of their cultural and racial inheritance.

This local color is really the whole book, for the problems and dilemmas of the characters have much less appeal than has the Pennsylvania Dutch background. Of the Hummer family, which is central in the story, the younger son Jesse is determined to be an author; only at the end does he realize that the material for his stories lies near at hand rather than distant in time and space. His progress as youth and potential writer is the backbone of the narrative. While the lesser characters are sometimes sharp and brisk, more often they are merely eccentrics.

Miss Singmaster's style does not make for easy reading; rather, it gives the impression of being a little rough and unpolished. Her pervasive and contagious passion for her material, however, ultimately carries the reader to an interest in and respect for the work as a whole.

R. B. M.

HACIENDA. By Katherine Anne Porter. New York: Harrison of Paris. 1934. $3. *Edition limited to* 895 *copies.*

Despite the customary fly leaf denial, no one who reads this long short story, sumptuously enshrined in Italic type on rag paper, can fail to identify it with a certain Russian film director, who not so long ago produced a picture which expounded, with high scenic effect, the ideology of the Mexican Revolutionary Party and for somewhat obscure reasons was the subject of heated debate north of the Rio Grande. But all that came long after the episode described by Katherine Anne Porter in "Hacienda," which tells of her visit to the scene of so many of those gorgeous "shots" where the silver-tipped volcanoes guarding the valley of Mexico were seen against an ominous sky and above the spiked clusters of row on row of maguey plants.

To this ancient pulque hacienda came Miss Porter (if the "I" of the story is given full credit) in company with two members of the cinema enterprise, one an American business manager, the other a sensitive Russian. On the train out of Mexico City she has full opportunity to contrast the reactions of the two men to the Mexican scene, greatly to the disadvantage of the American who sees that enigmatic land as a standing affront to the machine-age Utopia adjacent to the north.

Once arrived at the feudal hacienda, where the rest of the Russian company are gathered with their Mexican cast, the author describes with skill and succinctness the oddly assorted personalities and emotional entanglements of the group. There is no plot; "Hacienda" is simply the narrative of a visit, and begins and ends as visits do. Miss Porter, author of "Flowering Judas," is a writer of uncommon ability, and one could wish that she were more often heard from. She is extremely happy in this little Mexican interlude, and her highly individualized style is peculiarly effective in dealing with a subject charged with the emotional subtleties which breed in the death-laden soil to the south of us. If "Hacienda" is only reporting, it is brilliant reporting. And once again the reader is left wondering whether foreign cinema companies or new political farces can ever affect the timeless vitality of Mexico.

L. C.

PEOPLE ON PARADE. By Jerome Zerbe. With an Introduction by Lucius Beebe. New York: David Kemp. Rockefeller Center, New York City. 1934.

There is no doubt, from the evidence of this book, that Mr. Zerbe gets around enormously, not only in New York City, but also all through Ohio and Illinois, as far south as Miami Beach, and at least as far north as Nantucket. He is an adept at snap-shots, a virtue by which *Town and Country* has profited in the past. A good many of these pictures are credited to other periodicals also.

You are sure to find some people you know in this book, and you'll see a good many you've read about. There's an index of names in the back to enable purchasers to look up the pictures of themselves at once! This is the most modern kind of photograph album, prepared for you by a specialist. The doings of these more or less gay Americans all come under the head of pleasure. The book is gay and gregarious and gives a pretty good cross-section of smart society, letters, and the arts. Mr. Beebe has given it the proper kind of frivolous send-off in his introduction. This is the mere froth of manners and customs of 1934 but has entertainment value.

W. R. B.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE BUDAPEST PARADE MURDER *Van Wyck Mason* (Crime Club: $2.)	World peace advocate with incriminating evidence killed on train and others perish before Capt. North recovers papers.	Against background of *Mittel Europa* with slinky spies on every corner, author develops exciting yarn of diplomatic intrigue.	Thriller
THE SHOT AT THE DOOR *Charles Barry* (Dutton: $2.)	Sudden death of blackmailer involves numerous nice Londoners and recalls Supt. Gilmartin from bucolic retirement.	Rapid fire action, pleasing characters, adequate sleuthing, and a tempestuous finish.	Good—if slight.
THE CLEW OF THE FORGOTTEN MURDER *Carleton Kendrake* (Morrow: $2.)	Killing of reporter solved by editor and Sidney Griff, criminologist, who "likes to play human checkers."	Moves at racing pace, with crackling dialogue, exciting situations, and completely surprising solution.	A *dam*-good yarn
POISON FOR ONE *John Rhode* (Dodd, Mead & Co.: $2.)	Sir Gerald was envenomed, but who among his guests did it, and how? Answer by Dr. Priestley.	Full-bodied, leisurely, typically British 'tec tale, with clews competently followed to unexpected—and bit shaky—end.	Staple fare

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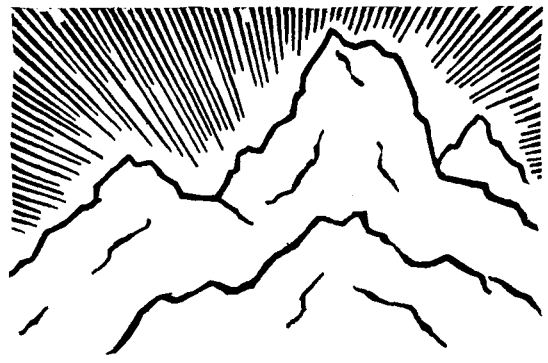

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Note: VIA MALA is already in its 8th edition in ENGLAND and arrangements have been made for its publication in GERMANY—RUSSIA—HOLLAND—SWEDEN—AUSTRIA and also in SWITZERLAND, the scene of the story.

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Human Biology

HEREDITY AND DISEASE. By Otto L. Mohr. New York: W. W. Norton & Company. 1934. $3.50.

DYNAMICS OF POPULATION. By Frank Lorimer and Frederick Osborn. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1934. $4.

Reviewed by H. M. PARSHLEY

THESE two books are outstanding contributions to human biology, a comparatively recent branch of science, which, in aspects more or less distinct from the field of traditional medicine, is rapidly becoming autonomous, with periodicals, research laboratories, and practical values of its own. It is marked especially by the realization that man is a biological organism and that his psychological and sociological characteristics, as well as his physical traits, depend in the last analysis upon biological processes. These processes in a general sense are uniform and universal throughout living nature. But *Homo sapiens*, perhaps beyond any other species, has its specific qualities, its unique peculiarities; and this fact, tremendously reënforced by our special interest as members of the species, fully justifies the development of human biology as an independent branch of science, with materials and methods of its own.

Nothing could illustrate these points better than the processes of reproduction and heredity, with which the books under review are concerned. Mohr bases his discussion of specifically human inherited disease and abnormality directly upon the firmly established facts of animal heredity; while Lorimer and Osborn, dealing statistically with the intricate problem of human ability as related to the differential increase and decrease of races and social classes, are as truly, if less directly, involved with a biological question, namely, the nature of fertility and its possible modifying factors. These are fundamentally biological problems; but they are concerned with distinctively human qualities, and their solution is of paramount importance to us and to our children.

This element of personal interest, of course, adds to the difficulties inherent in human phenomena regarded as the data of a science. And this is particularly true of heredity, as our authors clearly realize. So in both books they are careful to emphasize the complementary roles of heredity and environment, and they are notably successful in avoiding the excesses of many of their predecessors in the fields of eugenics and race theorizing. Mohr, indeed, may seem over-cautious in his statement that "we may be fairly sure that good and bad germinal material is scattered pretty much at random among the different social strata"; whereas Lorimer and Osborn regard it as sufficiently established for practical purposes that

> the lowest social groups . . . are significantly below the large middle classes in *average* hereditary capacity for intellectual development . . . also the professional and upper commercial groups differ from the large middle classes in the frequency of genetic factors favorable to superior and very superior intelligence.

The difference of opinion thus expressed must be considered with regard to the very different character of the two books. Dr. Mohr gives an authoritative and convincing account of the inheritance of disease as related to the modern knowledge of biological heredity in general and offers a good deal of recently gathered evidence; but his method is not statistical and he expressly states that his treatment of broader social questions, "which is necessarily rather fragmentary . . . is consciously influenced by the writer's personal opinions." His book, with its rather full account of genetics and its unusual illustrations of inherited physical abnormalities, should be valuable in arousing public interest and in the instruction of physicians. It is essentially an elementary and general introduction to an important but restricted field of modern medical knowledge.

Lorimer and Osborn, on the other hand, bring to their discussion of the great subject of the growth and decline of populations a wealth of detailed statistical knowledge and an unusual capacity for working over their material in a manner at once rigorous and ingenious. They appear to have exhausted the sources of such data; and they present what they have found in the form of clear tabulation, clever and varied graphic diagrams, pertinent discussions, and conservatively stated summaries. Their work at once be-

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comes an authoritative source-book indispensable to all who take an interest in the subject.

The work is divided primarily into four sections: population trends of American groups; measurable characteristics of such groups; social and biological significance of differential reproduction among these groups; and the causes and control of such population trends. It is, of course, impossible to give here even a bare summary of the facts presented by Lorimer and Osborn; but their main conclusions can be stated in few words, and they deserve widespread attention. In the first place, growth of the whole population is slowing down and will cease in from twenty to forty years, leaving a relatively stationary population of 150,000,000 or less. Within this whole population, however, various groups still show decidedly diverse rates of increase or decrease, and this process has tremendous social importance. The fate of the nation as a whole and of localities within it will depend upon the outcome of such changes. Racial and national groups show no significant differentials. The negro race is reproducing about like the white, and most other foreign stocks soon lose whatever special fertility they may have had as they become "native" and take on the reproductive habits of the social levels in which they find themselves. The relatively small Mexican, Japanese, Chinese, and American Indian racial groups now exhibit a high rate of increase; but this, too, will probably fall in like manner. Regional differentials are unimportant, the last stronghold of the big family being the backward south Appalachian country celebrated in "Tobacco Road."

Where then do the significant differentials lie? They appear with the greatest clearness when comparisons are made between social groups, classified by occupation or by economic status. And they are remarkably constant for these groups over long periods of time, in divers regions, and in the various types of communities, large and small (except rural-farm families within the same farming area). The authors show this in extenso; but the ultimate facts in the matter of relative fertility can be briefly represented by "net reproduction rates" as follows:

Unskilled labor	1.17	I.Q. 95
Agriculture	1.32	99
Semi-skilled labor.....	1.03	..
Skilled labor	1.06	102
Business and clerical..	.85	112
Professional	.76	116

Now what are the characteristics of these classes which are thus multiplying or diminishing? The authors find evidence of no significant differences in health and longevity between regional, racial, or social classes; but in the vitally important matter of intelligence ("cultural-intellectual development"), they do find striking differentials closely correlated with occupational (or economic) classes—just where reproductive differentials were most clearly displayed. This is roughly shown by "mean family intelligence quotients" (based on study of 3,089 families, see page 194), given in the table above.

The main conclusions drawn by the authors from these facts, after extended and critical study of all such questions as the meaning and reliability of intelligence tests, and the relative effectiveness of heredity and environment, have already been stated in the third paragraph of this review. They find, in brief, that the most rapidly increasing social groups are those endowed with the least capacity for intellectual-cultural development. It remains for the authors to explain the causes for this condition and suggest possible means of control, which they do in the fourth part of their study.

The low fertility of the groups of high social status is found to be caused by knowledge of contraceptive measures, late marriage, and the social attitudes associated with a high standard of living (which to some extent seem to favor physiological sterility); the high fertility of the lower groups follows upon contrasting conditions. This is all elaborated in the greatest detail, with constant use of extensive statistical facts; and it seems unlikely that these conclusions will ever again be seriously questioned.

At the end various suggestions are tentatively offered in the direction of social control, to hasten the effect of certain hopeful changes that seem to be in progress. The authors favor facilitating early marriage among the superior and disseminating contraceptive information among the inferior, and they offer various other hints which will be of value to genuine statesmen awake to the importance of human biology.

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PROGRAM NOTES

D. P. of New Haven, Conn., *wants to know whether there is a comprehensive guidebook to classical music which gives in general what program notes give in particular, something wider in scope than the Opera Guide, which would lay emphasis primarily on musical criticism. And he asks whether Olin Downes's program notes for the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Society have been published in book form.*

I PRESUME that D. P. refers to broadcasting done by Mr. Downes a few years ago since not he but Lawrence Gilman writes the program notes for the concerts of the Philharmonic. Mr. Downes's radio comments have been gathered together under the title SYMPHONIC BROADCASTS (Dial). Somewhere, though in what paper I cannot remember, I recently saw the announcement that the notes of the late Philip Hale, which for so long a period delighted audiences at the Boston Symphony, are to be collected and published as a book. In the meanwhile there has just come from the press of Simon & Schuster a volume entitled THE VICTOR BOOK OF THE SYMPHONY, written by Charles O'Connell, which contains descriptions and analyses of 240 orchestral works. The matter of the book has been chosen, in the author's words, on a standard derived from the known popularity of each work, as demonstrated by the frequency of its appearance on the programs of the four major American symphony orchestras during the past three years. It contains introductory pages setting forth, together with pictures of the different instruments, their functions in the orchestra, and concludes with a few pages on the radio. George Stevens, the musical expert of our office, tells me that for an elementary book it is a good one, but that the reader must bear in mind that it is merely an introduction to its subject. I should imagine that it would be very useful to D. P.

EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

E. P. R. of Burlington, N. C., *is preparing a club paper on Edna St. Vincent Millay, and wants assistance in finding biographical material upon her.*

Probably the article on Miss Millay in LIVING AUTHORS (Wilson) will be more productive of the sort of detail which E. P. R. desires than anything else she can find. This is a very personal sketch, even going into the kind of clothes the poet effects in her working and evening hours —dresses, shoes, hats, etc.—, and contains in addition to the main events of her career, description of the method of her work. I remember during the time she was writing THE KING'S HENCHMAN being told by Arthur Ficke who had just come back from New Mexico where she was writing her libretto, that she scribbled it off on the back of old envelopes or any odd scraps of paper that came to hand. Apparently this is a confirmed habit, for the sketch in LIVING AUTHORS speaks also of her custom of using small pieces of paper. If E. P. R. would like some critical comment upon Miss Millay she will find it in a dozen sources, among others in Harriet Monroe's POETS AND THEIR ART (Macmillan), in William Rose Benét's FIFTY POETS (Dodd, Mead), and in Louis Untermeyer's AMERICAN POETRY SINCE 1900 (Harcourt, Brace).

STEEL-ENGRAVING

B. H., of Wilkinsburg, Pa., *asks for the recommendation of a manual of steel-engraving or a book containing instruction in that art. He wishes something that will tell him in detail each step of the process, so that he can follow it in learning the art himself.*

Professor Paul J. Sachs of the Fogg Art Museum and the Harvard art department is my authority for the statement that the book which gives the best description of the process of line-engraving is ETCHING, ENGRAVING AND OTHER METHODS OF PRINTING PICTURES (London: Kegan Paul), by Hans W. Singer and William Strang. Another very useful work for etching but confined to a description of that process only is, also according to Mr. Sachs, THE ART OF ETCHING (Lippincott), by E. S. Lumsden.

HISTORY AND AN INDIVIDUAL

F. A. S., of Sausalito, Calif., *has a double-barrelled request; first, she wants information regarding Paul Cohen-Portheim from the time of his leaving his internment in England to his death in* 1931, *and then she wishes the names of some good histories covering the period from the French Revolution to the present day in Europe.*

The only material I have been able to root out on Paul Cohen-Portheim, whose untimely death occurred all too few years after his excellent ENGLAND THE UNKNOWN ISLE (Dutton) had marked him out as a commentator of high calibre, is obituaries appearing at the time of his death. The LIVING AGE for December 22, 1932, and the WILSON BULLETIN FOR LIBRARIANS for February, 1933, contained biographical sketches which carried the events of his life on to the end. Of course, since she asks for facts following upon his interment I take it for granted that F. A. S. has read TIME STOOD STILL (Dutton), Mr. Cohen-Portheim's own account of that experience. Perhaps, Dutton, his publishers, have biographical material in their files from which they could give F. A. S. the information she desires.

Now, as to the histories which F. A. S. wants. Eduard Fueter's WORLD HISTORY, *1815-1920* (Harcourt, Brace) is history written in the modern manner and an excellent volume from which to gain a bird's-eye view of events the world over. Volume I of Carlton J. Hayes's POLITICAL AND CULTURAL HISTORY OF MODERN EUROPE (Macmillan) covers the period from the Battle of Waterloo to 1923. It is an excellent synthesis, focussing its narrative on the rise of the bourgeoisie, laying stress on economic factors, and including in its course chapters on Africa, Asia, and America. It contains excellent critical bibliographies, and the new edition includes discussion of the war, peace, etc. Another valuable work is Charles Downer Hazen's EUROPE SINCE *1815* (Holt), and there's always the CAMBRIDGE MODERN HISTORY (Macmillan), which from Volume IX on covers the years after the French Revolution.

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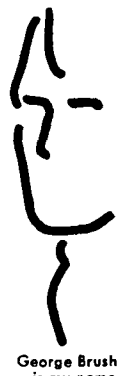

George Brush
is my name,
America's
my nation,
Ludington's my
dwelling place,
and Heaven's
my destination.

HEAVEN'S MY DESTINATION

HARPERS

Letters to the Editor

(*Continued from page* 408)

of the MS, and that, I suspect, was the fault of a super-serviceable proof-reader. I had explained the origin of the phrase "Brain Trust," my information regarding that being based on personal reminiscence of Kieran himself. But Kieran told me explicitly that his first version of the phrase was "The *brains* trust"; which is the reason why, in referring to the matter, I stated in the article that "The phrase was caught up *slightly altered* by the other correspondents." That comment was obviously based on the fact, which Kieran had emphasized, that he had himself spoken of "The brains trust," not "The brain trust." The original phrase was thus cited carefully in my MS, but the proof room knocked off the final "s."

Otherwise it is gratifying to have so perfect a printing of a MS of this kind.

A. D. NOYES.

New York City.

How About Male Novelists?

SIR:—You may publish this with or without paying cash,
But convey my profound apologies to Ogden Nash.

An Impertinent Reply to Pert Osbert

Dear (but not especially honoured) Mr. Sitwell:
I hope you can plough, or chop wood, or maybe knit well,
Because, having read your lines (when sober, not drunk)
On women novelists, I found them punk.
You must be much cleverer than you are funny
If for such tripe you can get editors to give genuine money.
People, from the right distance, are usually comic
Whether seen as male, female, electronic or atomic,
But is there more to provoke mirth in the strong feminine school
Than in the hoard of male novelists who drool,
Or cultivate whimsy while wearing pink ties,
Or collect royalties for their autoerotic sighs?
And let me ask, when governments everywhere are all hot
And bothered trying to find jobs for the people we've got,
Mightn't more books and fewer babies be cause for hosannahs?
And why do gentlemen who write about ladies rarely retain their manners?
It may be tea and aspirin in England, but over here,
Women novelists often prefer sidecars or beer,
And quite a few of our writing ladies
Have quite a few not only books but babies
And show a versatile disposition to pitch in
And do most of the things usually done in a kitchen.
While reading your pome, I confess, Mr. Sitwell,
I heartily wished (as you probably don't knit well)
You would go in for planting cabbages or follow the hunting horn
Or concentrate on your own unborn;
And since you think procreation is more fun than writing novels, Sir,
How many cradles have you filled this year?

ELSA GIDLOW.

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Printers of California

PRESSES OF NORTHERN CALIFORNIA AND THEIR BOOKS. 1900-1933. *By Louis Farrow Barr. Berkeley: Book Arts Club of the University of California.* 1934. 400 *copies.* $6.

INFORMATION about contemporary printers and presses is always a little difficult to find in convenient, accessible form: it usually lies scattered about in periodical literature, or exists in chance colophons. In recent years—as regards America—there have been two or three books which have to some extent helped to remedy this situation, such as Mr. Bartlett's unhappily titled "Typographic Treasures in Europe," two books on the Merrymount Press, and Mr. Ransom's "Private Presses." This book on the printers of Northern California is a notable addition. Within its determined limits of location and time it covers the field fully and fittingly. Together with numerous lesser presses, its list of sixteen printers in and around San Francisco includes such major houses as those of the Grabhorns, Nash, and Taylor & Taylor, together with information about the Book Club of California and the Roxburghe Club of San Francisco. It includes also a source list and a full index.

In the case of each printer a biographical account, often quite full, precedes a bibliography of publications. The latter is admirable: entries are alphabetically arranged, and as the lists are not always definitive, no attempt has been made to number them. The form of entry seems to me to strike a nice balance between too long and too short. The information about each book is arranged methodically, as it should be, and all necessary information has been given. The practice of printing titles with lower case letters —the A. L. A. method—is more arbitrary than happy. I prefer capitals, as making a more interesting looking page.

The book has been printed at the press of the University of California, and is thoroughly satisfactory in every particular. The type (linotype Granjon) is clear and well adapted to this use, the margins are ample for supplementary memoranda, the edges are cut—making for greatest convenience in using the book, the binding is simple and serviceable. It is devoid of decoration—in such a book decorum is better than decoration. It is difficult to see how the book could be improved as a good working tool of the bibliographer's craft.

The biographical matter is at times a little ingenuous, but that is as it should be, for after all the West Coast is still a bit on the defensive. But that there has been in the past generation a body of work coming from the printers of California which is of considerable amount and much of it of a very fine quality is evidenced by this welcome and workmanlike volume.

More Morrisiana

WILLIAM MORRIS, DESIGNER. By Gerald H. Crow. (The special Winter Number of The Studio.) *New York:* 1934. $3.50 *and* $4.50.

This is a logically arranged story of Morris's life and work, well illustrated, meant to serve as a "legitimate approach to William Morris as a figure significant to our much altered time." The younger generation of our "much altered time" certainly knows little of Morris,—has even forgotten to smile at the "Morris chair." There is much to be found about him in the various books which have appeared since his day, but the present compilation gives in short and logical form most of the salient features. The text is mainly based on Mackail's well-known life (is it not possible that the psychologists will some day tackle Morris to our entertainment if not to our enlightenment?) while the illustrations, some of them in color, present a good general view of his methods and ideas of design. Some of the pictures, such as the houses he lived in during his boyhood, the helmet and coat-of-mail he had made, and certain pieces of furniture, are especially interesting. There is an index.

After a Long Time

ARS TYPOGRAPHIA. Vol. I, No. 4. New York: Press of the Woolly Whale. 1934.

The first number of this quarterly appeared in the far-off Spring of 1918; the succeeding numbers of that first volume came out in the Summer of 1918, and the Spring of 1920. It was established and carried on by Frederic W. Goudy, and bore the stamp of his personality. Volume II, under the direction of Douglas C. McMurtrie, appeared in 1925-6; volume III showed one number, July, 1926. Thereafter there were no more issues. Now the fourth number of volume one—fourteen years late!—has been issued, again by Mr. Goudy as editor and with Mr. Melbert B. Cary, Jr., as publisher. Was ever a periodical so erratic?

But the plan of the first volume, continued in this number, permitted great latitude in publishing dates—the contents were not perishable — and the present number reverts to the primary plan. The contents include articles on type and type design by Mr. Goudy (in whose various fonts the number is set), several reproductions of photographs, and a miscellany of appreciation of books and printing, by various writers. An unpublished essay by Alfred W. Pollard is one of the leading contributions to the number: and, to set the record straight, the origin of the phrase "Neat but not Goudy" is given as Mr. Morley's column in the *Evening Post* of November 30, 1923!

Graphic Processes

PROCESSES OF GRAPHIC REPRODUCTION IN PRINTING. By Harold Curwen. New York: Oxford University Press. 1934. $3.75.

This is a hand book of the graphic processes, covering all phases of the subject but touching lightly on each. It hundred and fifty pages are full of information valuable to artists, buyers o printing plates, and all persons having to do with illustration and reproduction in a non-technical way. The illustrations are many and helpful.

Double-Crostics: Number 41

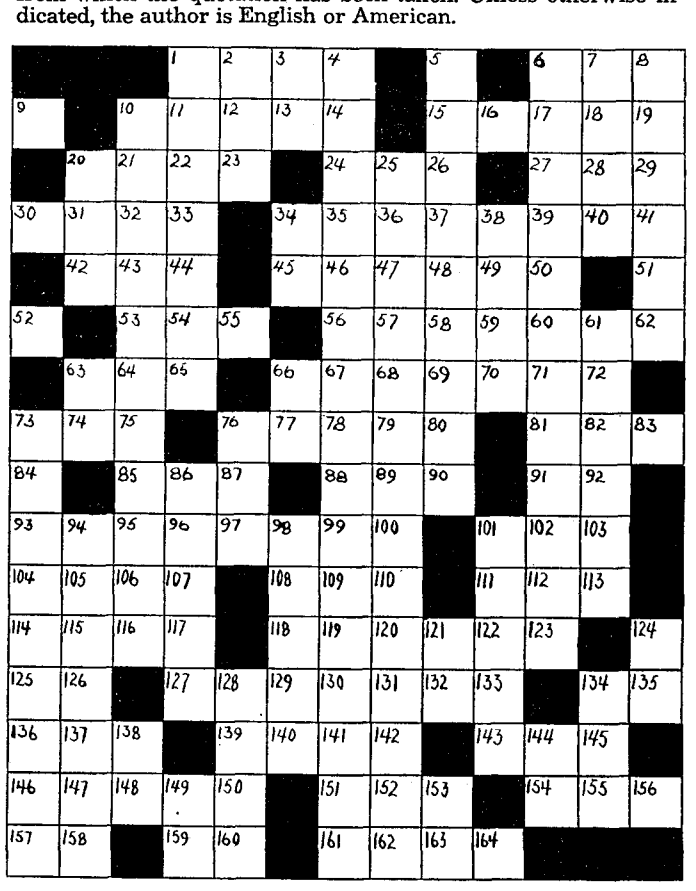
By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess nineteen words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered (these numbers appear at the beginning of each definition) and you are thereby able to tell how many letters are in the required word. When you have guessed a word each letter is to be written in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

Either before (preferably) or after placing the letters in their squares you should write the words you have guessed on the blank lines which appear to the right in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter. The initial letters of this list of words spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Unless otherwise indicated, the author is English or American.

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
I. 159-41-127-15-10-20-140-121-105-44-73. Smooth and sweet.	— — — — — — — — — — —
II. 100-117-90-142-45-29-157-61-83. Fragrance.	— — — — — — — — —
III. 56-18-67-28-1. A Massachusetts rebel.	— — — — —
IV. 138-60-52-144-129-153-63-122-126. Retinue.	— — — — — — — — —
V. 37-5-79-33-123-152-113-85-74. A gratuity in Persia.	— — — — — — — — —
VI. 6-35-106-66-13-111-131-50. Struggled or struck against.	— — — — — — — —
VII. 149-164-32-46-96-68-130-158-72. Recoiled; accrued.	— — — — — — — — —
VIII. 34-2-19-119-156-8-134-147. Secondary building.	— — — — — — — —
IX. 81-94-31-21-88. Extraordinary, unearthly.	— — — — —
X. 12-62-154-38-71-162-141-103. European danger zone (2 words).	— — — — — — — —
XI. 70-95-151-114-125-145-110. Symbolic fish.	— — — — — — —
XII. 64-75-139-84-150-102-26-133-86-109-58. Extinct race.	— — — — — — — — — — —
XIII. 17-59-116-163-155-54. Well-born; refined.	— — — — — —
XIV. 23-78-11-39-93-136-7-143. Exclusive possession.	— — — — — — — —
XV. 101-92-55-161-76-82-98-14-9. Scene of the Brontë novels.	— — — — — — — — —
XVI. 137-51-30-49-57-65-115-91-69-22-135-25. Changing pattern.	— — — — — — — — — — — —
XVII. 148-4-16-124-112-120-77-24-87-97. Counsellor of King David.	— — — — — — — — —
XVIII. 118-104-3-53-99-89-48-43-108-132-40-42. Russian composer.	— — — — — — — — — — — —
XIX. 27-160-80-36-47-128-107-146. One of the canines.	— — — — — — — —



SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (NUMBER 40)

GALSWORTHY—"FAITH OF A NOVELIST"

By depicting a section of life in due relation to the whole of life without fear or favor, the novelist does not cure the section, but he does throw it into proper relief for the general eye, and indirectly fosters evolution.

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The AMEN CORNER

"1701 C. Wooley, *Jrnl. New York* (1860) 57 The English observed one anniversary custom...a neighbourly commerce of presents every New Years day."[1]

We know of no better present than a book and no better place to look for a book than the library of the Oxford University Press.[2] Only, we found ourselves in the (charming) state described by our favorite French dictionary[3] as "*avoir l'embarras du choix*, to have too many alternatives." "At this good time of Newyeare he will be liberall,"[4] we murmured to ourselves; but what should we be liberal with? Should we be liberal with Rabelais in the new pocket three-in-one volume edition of Urquhart and Le Motteux's translation,[5] or *The Language of Cricket*[6] by W. J. Lewis (for American cricketers, though rare, are intense)? Should we be artful with *A Note on Modern Painting*,[7] by H. R. Wackrill (with a Prefatory Note by the late Roger Fry), or (more elaborately) with *The Early Iconography of the Tree of Jesse*,[8] by A. Watson (with a fine collection of half-tone plates)? Or should we be historical with the thrilling *History of the Great War*,[9] by C. R. M. F. Cruttwell (you cannot put down the chapter on The Battle of Jutland, though you be as mild and unmilitary as the Oxonian fancies himself), or *A Short History of Sweden*,[10] by R. Svanström and Baron Palmstierna? Then again we might have selected *Archetypal Patterns in Poetry*, Psychological Studies of Imagination,[11] by Maud Bodkin, with *The Human Dawn*,[12] a long poem on the Emergence of Man, by J. Redwood Anderson, as illustration.

While we stood thus—"Perplexed, confounded, troubled,"[13] and fingering a copy of *Poems on the Arts* in the series known as *Oxford Garlands*,[14] we suddenly came upon Collins's *To Music:*

"O Music! sphere-descended maid,
Friend of Pleasure, Wisdom's aid!"

Without more ado, we decided to greet the New Year musically. And here is our choice of new books on music: *The Oxford History of Music*, Vol. VII, by H. C. Colles ($7.00); *National Music*, by R. Vaughan Williams ($1.75), the famous English composer who delivered this material as the Mary Flexner Lectures at Bryn Mawr; *Mendelssohn and His Friends in Kensington*, Letters written by Fanny and Sophy Horsley, 1832-35 ($5.00), "treasure-trove of entertainment" (*New York Times*); *The Puritans and Music in England and New England*, by Percy A. Scholes ($8.50), who has at last *killed* the snake, not scotched it, with regard to the supposed Puritan aversion to music; *Modern Harmony*, by Hilda Andrews ($1.00); and *The Cowells in America*, being The Diary of Mrs. Sam Cowell during her husband's concert tour in the years 1860-61 ($6.50), which, though some might not call it a musical book—Mr. Cowell was a Music-Hall singer—all will call a delightful book.

THE OXONIAN.

(1) Article, New Year. *The Oxford English Dictionary*, 13 vols. $125.00. Write for prospectus and payment plan. (2) 114 Fifth Avenue. (3) *The Concise Oxford French Dictionary*. $3.00. (4) 1602. *2nd Pt. Ret. fr. Parnass.* v. i. 2003. See Note 1. (5) $3.50. (6) $4.00. (7) $1.50. (8) $9.00. (9) $5.50. (10) $5.00. (11) $4.50. (12) $2.00. (13) "1706 Phillips" *O. E. D.* (14) Cloth, 70c; Leather, $1.35.

A Thought for Booksellers Who Read But Do Not Sell The Saturday Review

WE have a New Year's resolution which should be right up your alley—"Let's sell more books in 1935." Now, you know all about The Saturday Review as an independent weekly literary magazine, but we can't help wondering whether you realize that over 200 bookshops throughout the country are selling the Review over the counter each week. In this manner not only do these shops arouse their customers' interest in the new books, but they also bring regular readers into the store at least once a week. We are prepared to cooperate by supplying attractive display stands and signs, so why not write at once for details of price, etc., to—

Bookstore Department

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

25 West 45th Street, New York City

The PHŒNIX NEST

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

GREETINGS to "*A. E.*" who is now amongst us again from Ireland! His real name is, of course, *George Russell*, and his latest book of poems is "The House of the Titans" (Macmillan) which was published in November, and which this department in its *alter ego* of "Round About Parnassus" will review shortly. . . . Interviewers always get "A. E." to talk about agriculture. Apparently to them the fact that he is a poet, and also, by the way, a painter, is of minor importance. That just goes to show how cock-eyed the world is. One thing else I can say, he is one of the most stimulating conversationalists that I, from my humble corner once in *Mr. Canby's* apartment, ever listened to . . . *John Joseph Mathews*, who wrote "Sundown" (Longmans) may have to forgo writing for some time now. He is a member of Governor-elect Marland's Educational Commission of six, which is at work seeking to reform Oklahoma's educational system. This I learn from the University of Oklahoma Press. This is in itself a full-time job, but one, they say, for which he is ideally fitted by education and temperament. In the last election held for members of the Osage Tribal Council he ranked second in the final poll and is now perhaps one of the most influential men in that council. That is something, again, in which he is vitally interested. Finally, he has been made a member of Mr. Marland's Indian Committee to study the situation of the Indians in Oklahoma. There is an author with both hands full! He will probably profit by his experience in state government to do a first-rate Oklahoma novel. . . .

Art Young's Christmas card to me electrified me. At last, I thought, I really had some money from an unknown admirer! And then I noted that the cheque was for a million dollars and knew something must be wrong. And then I saw that it was drawn on the Hell National Bank, said "One million and No/Sense," was payable in asbestos currency, was dated Jan. 1, 1967, and added below, "Anyway—Happy New Year." . . . Well, the same to you, Art! I still love you. . . . I have enjoyed this statement from a book with an extraordinary title, "Rats, Lice and History: A Study in Biography," by *Hans Zinsser*, to be published in February by Little, Brown and Company:

> There is probably as little conscious cruelty in the lion that devours a missionary as there is in the kind-hearted old gentleman who dines upon a chicken pie, or in the staphylococcus that is raising a boil on the old gentleman's neck. Broadly speaking, the lion is parasitic on the missionary, as the old gentleman is on the chicken pie, and the staphylococcus on the old gentleman's neck. Life on earth is an endless chain of parasitism.

John Reed's famous "Ten Days that Shook the World," the story of an eye-witness of the Russian Revolution, will be published in a Modern Library edition in the early Spring. *Lenin's* letter of appreciation to John Reed will be printed as a foreword. . . . *Louis Bromfield* sailed for America on December 29th and will have a new novel on the Harper spring list. Louis is a dynamo! . . . *Edna St. Vincent Millay* and her husband, *Eugen Boissevain*, have gone for a long sea trip till Spring. They will touch at the Virgin Islands and Trinidad. . . . I wish to thank the many people, though I have written each one of them separately, who turned to and contributed to the fund I am raising for the woman poet in difficulties. The total of contributions so far is a substantial sum, though more is needed, and I have been profoundly impressed by the sincere good will and warm humanity of my readers. They have revived my faith in the human race; and I wish them all, and all of the rest of you too, the happiest of New Years. So long as there is this spirit abroad in a time of stress and struggle for everybody, I believe that this country will yet come through gloriously in the service of humanity and a better deal all around. . . . *Max Eastman* is translating *Trotsky's* "Life of Lenin," and Doubleday, Doran will publish the book when the work is complete. It is to be brought out in one large volume. . . . At a Christmas party I was glad to hear Max say that he was also going to cut loose soon with some more of his own poetry. He has ideas about poetry that seem to me sound and vigorous in this day of so much desiccation and defeatism. . . . Well, as I have said, a Happy New Year to all, in spite of blizzards.

Trade Winds

By P.E.G. QUERCUS

☞Who was Friswell? Jordan Marsh of Boston lately headed a large advt in the good old Boston *Transcript* with the quotation "There Is Nothing so Imperishable as a Book—Friswell." ☞Poor old penseroso Quercus has sought Burton Stevenson, the Dictionaries of Biography, the Clearing House and even Gaige and Harcourt's *Books and Reading* (o. p.) but finds no trace of Friswell. ☞There isn't even a Friswell in the Manhattan, Brooklyn, Bronx or Queens telephone books. ☞ *Nothing* is so perishable as a Friswell. ☞Will Jim Braim of Jordan Marsh tell us about this author? ☞Several reviewers have professed to wonder why the bloodhound in Thorne Smith's last novel was called "Mr. Henry." Have they ever had Mr. Henry (F. C.) of Doubleday's on their trail for copy? ☞We spoke of two S. R. L. Christmas givers who had sent in 15 and 13 subscriptions; now comes Miss Elizabeth LeMay of Rochester, N. Y., who breaks all our records with twenty gift subscriptions. Happy New Year to them all.

The Times Club of the University of Iowa has had the good heart and good sense to organize a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Speakers. When a visitor is due to speak in that town they send him a questionnaire to find out his tastes and preferences in the matter of hospitality. Does he wish to be met, "entertained," dined and dress-shirted? or does he prefer to meditate until the dreadful hour? It would be well if many other clubs and hosts had as delicate a sense of kindness as this. ☞Charles K. Stotlemeyer, the lively bookseller of Hancock, Maryland (whose lists of Firsts and Unusuals are always worth study) prints a little paper bookmark which says:

> *Consider the Bookseller. You may have overlooked the dignity of his calling: the indispensable link between the productive brain and the eager mind.*

☞The speakers at the annual dinner of the Book Travelers, held last week at the Commodore Hotel, were T. A. Daly, Felix Riesenberg, and Talbot Mundy.

☞A catalogue we thought specially attractive was that of Anton Gud at 636 East 13, New York. Mr. Gud believes it to be the only contemporary bookseller's checklist completely printed and sewn by hand. ☞Mr. Bruce Rogers, the eminent printer, has always enjoyed visiting the building where the *Saturday Review* works, because the indicator on the middle elevator bears his initials, B. R. ☞This pleases and puzzles him so much that we have always foreborne to suggest that they stand for Basement and Roof—and Mr. Rogers himself adorns the same complete scale of the printing art.

☞Mrs. Lulu Teeter, the energetic head of Lazarus's big book department in Columbus, sends us a charming photo of herself and spaniel reading at ease by her comfortable fireside. She adds:

> Christmas Day has come and gone
> Everyone has finished shoppin's—
> Here am I relaxed at last
> Reading Danny *Mary Poppins*.

☞We note that the New York *World-Telegram* has surrounded Harry Hansen's column with Broun and Pegler, shifted from the second section. This makes potentially the best opposite-editorial page since the old *World*. ☞Harry Hansen's remarks in a recent column on the Hemingway burlesque of Saroyan which appeared in *Esquire* constituted the neatest job of sawing an author in two that we have seen in some time. (The author being Hemingway, not Saroyan.)

☞Viking is going to publish Erskine Caldwell's new novel *The Journeyman* at $4.50, in an edition limited to 1,475 copies; there will be no regular edition. Is this the publishers' estimate of the numbers and enthusiasm of the Caldwell audience? Or what?

A NEW NOVEL IN THE GREAT TETRALOGY BY

VARDIS FISHER

We are Betrayed

Even more haunting than IN TRAGIC LIFE and PASSIONS SPIN THE PLOT. A curious idealist attempts to find some sort of adjustment to the cruelty, stupidity and dishonesty of life. ● WE ARE BETRAYED is "built with grand ferocious power." It has, as Frederick Marsh said of Fisher's work in the N.Y. *Times*, "a peculiar fresh approach to the eternal problem of emotional life." ● Harry Hansen says, "It would be worth something to American writing to have Vardis Fisher become widely known."

($2.50 *Doubleday, Doran*)

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